

SATURDAY REVIEW

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The week has been prolific of political speeches and rumours. There was of course plenty of excitement, mainly press-made, about Friday's Cabinet. No decision however was announced, and it is idle to guess at matters which will be common knowledge in a few days or at most in a week. As for the speeches they are nothing without freshness. A day or two after it has been printed it loses its aroma and is flat as decanted claret. This is so with Lord Rosebery's speeches. One could not say it is so with most of the other speeches which have been poured forth during the past week; for they had no aroma—and therefore no nourishment to speak of. We cannot turn back to these speeches in detail, and give rows of dull, dead words from them. Enough that Lord Rosebery ended his Cornish holiday from doing nothing as gay and light-hearted as his enemies could wish. The general impression which this little tour leaves upon us is one of dazzle. He remains a brilliant and singular figure in public life.

This general toleration might seem to show that Lord Rosebery is not taken as a serious factor in politics, merely as a beautiful figure. He declared outright at Bodmin that he would not serve under Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Home Rule banner: there was a hullabaloo in the papers and among the speakers for a day or so, and now, to all appearance, the affair is ended, and the Liberal Party is ready for office as ever. Does this point to the importance of Lord Rosebery? On the face of it no. But the young men of the "Daily News" are more sanguine about the Rosebery difficulty than some of their watchful and expert friends in Parliament who know that Lord Rosebery is a powerful figure in Liberalism even with his infirmity of purpose. The "Daily News" is glad to think Lord Rosebery is not to be in the next Liberal Government. But we cannot understand a

thoughtful Liberal elate at the prospect of the only Liberal with a large following, the A star in the Liberal constellation, playing the part of hostile friend.

The inferiority of the second star in the constellation is made quite painfully manifest when Lord Rosebery and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman are both well in view at the same time. A certain unimaginative routine Liberalism is the impression Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman leaves on most people, we take it, when he is trying to make a rousing party speech. It is a pity he cannot always be debating in the House of Commons or welcoming in charming French speeches French visitors, for here he really excels. The Opposition leader, however, is far too worldly wise to be under any illusion as to Lord Rosebery's powerlessness to hurt the Liberal party presently. At Partick on Tuesday he actually declined to say anything more about Home Rule (he ignored it in Perthshire on Thursday), as his opinions on the subject were already known! So they are on the fiscal question, Chinese labour, and the present Government. We like the idea of political leaders only speaking on those subjects which they have not already aired.

Disposing of the futures of political personages is just now very common. Mr. Alfred Lyttelton's immediate future is by more or less intelligent anticipation assigned to politics and not to law. If that should be so, he will be following the example of Lord James of Hereford and not of Mr. Asquith. Mr. Lyttelton may not like to expose himself to the taunts which his predecessor at the Colonial Office has directed against Mr. Asquith as a mere lawyer. Eminent lawyers vary in their preferences for politics or law. Some like Lord Loughborough or Lord Brougham detested law and would have vastly liked to get out of the narrower legal path. Even Lord Cairns, who came nearest of modern lawyers to being recognised as a pure politician, found the odour of the brief against him. The latest example of the other mood was Mr. Graham Murray, the present head of the Scottish Judiciary, who escaped from politics at the first opportunity to the dull dignity of the Bench. Mr. Haldane and Mr. Asquith might be expected ultimately to follow Mr. Lyttelton's supposed example.

There has been a paragraph in the papers announcing that the executive committee of the City of London Conservative Association had unanimously selected Sir Edward Clarke as Conservative candidate in the place of Sir Joseph Dimsdale. This is not accurate: he was not selected unanimously: some members of the committee strongly resent his selection, and many more have not yet committed themselves. There is however real danger of a mere clique forcing Sir Edward Clarke on the City, though it was Sir Edward who proposed himself to the ring of little busybodies who are supposed to represent City Conservatism. Unfortunately none of the men who count in the City takes the trouble to attend the meetings of the local association, and in their absence the mice play. The game this time is too serious for the City merely to laugh. Sir Edward Clarke lost Brighton to the Unionist party; he really cannot be allowed to lose us a seat in the City as well.

Sir Thomas Sanderson is to retire early next year, Sir Charles Hardinge taking his place. We discuss these changes elsewhere. Of the diplomatic appointments which have been gazetted this week far the most noteworthy is that of Mr. Villiers as Minister to Lisbon. It is a pity that the decision was not reached some years ago, for Mr. Villiers possessed no qualifications for the post he held as an Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office. In Lisbon things will be quite otherwise. At the Court of a friendly Power, with little but exact etiquette to occupy a Minister's attention, no more fitting appointment could have been made. The same conclusion applies to Sir Arthur Nicholson's appointment as Ambassador to the Court of the Tsar, though for very different reasons. Possessed of every quality most essential to a diplomat, of great ability and experience, the new Ambassador for ten years was, for some unaccountable reason, left to eke out an existence in Morocco. It is satisfactory therefore to know that his abilities have been at last recognised and that the reward, unduly delayed, is now forthcoming.

As to the remaining appointments, Sir Maurice de Bunsen is quite one of the most rising men in the service; indeed the shuffle, we consider, has here been unfair, for Madrid is a post where men of far less ability might have been appointed with less disadvantage to the Diplomatic Corps. Sir William Conyngham Greene has undoubtedly come off worst in the new arrangement—a fact which is probably attributable to the failure of his mission as agent at Pretoria previous to the Boer war. How long Sir William Conyngham Greene is to suffer diplomatic ostracism for the part taken in those negotiations it is impossible to predict. Certainly Bucharest is no very happy augury of future success, for his predecessor has spent the best years of his official career in this inhospitable and uninteresting capital. We should very much like to know who advises the Foreign Minister in such appointments, for the fatuousness of many and the unfairness of the remainder read very like the promptings of some incapable Jack in office.

The Prince's progress in India has brought him from Rajputana into the Panjab. No more striking instance of the political importance of the Prince's visit can be found than in the announcement that it will bring the Tashi Lama of Tibet down to India to meet the Heir-Apparent. For this event no precedent can be found and its significance can scarcely be over-estimated. In spiritual authority the Tashi Lama of Shigatsi stood even above the Dalai Lama of Lhasa, since whose flight his pre-eminence is unquestioned and his influence as the recognised head of the Buddhist Church becomes paramount. His attitude towards the British Government has always been friendly. It must be strengthened by an experience which will disclose to him the richness and power of India, a fabulous vision to one who has spent his life on the bleak and sterile plateau of Tibet, with its poor and sparse population.

The Prince's visit to Jaipur gives particular interest to an addition just made to the Calcutta Art Gallery. The state entry thirty years ago into Jaipur of the

King as Prince of Wales was painted by Verestchagin, the Russian artist who went down with Admiral Makaroff's flagship at Port Arthur. Verestchagin was much impressed by the scene in Jaipur and reproduced it in an immense painting which was exhibited in Europe, and then taken to the United States, where it was purchased by an American. The Maharaja of Jaipur subsequently purchased it and it was presented by him to the Queen Victoria Memorial at Calcutta, where it will be placed after the great building has been opened by the Prince of Wales.

Every event as it happens in Russia is hailed in some of the newspapers with the exclamation "This is the beginning of the end". Then the news they built on appears before the week is over to have quite a different complexion. This was the case with the news from Sevastopol. On Saturday the Black Sea fleet was in the hands of mutineers, the soldiers, sailors and workmen were fraternising and the officers' orders to fire on the mutineers were disobeyed. What had failed at Kronstadt and Odessa had become the accomplished fact at Sevastopol, the army had at last shown that it was ready to join the revolution and everything was over for the autocracy. Count Witte had described it as the most serious event of the revolutionary movement. On Thursday we were told that the mutiny had been completely broken down, which is fully confirmed by the latest news. This shows that accounts from day to day of everything happening in Russia should be received tentatively without drawing positive inferences from them.

Meanwhile other facts rather seem to show that the Government is gaining confidence. The Zemstvo Congress at Moscow was controlled by leaders who, instead of guiding it to support Count Witte, persuaded it to adopt the impossible programme of universal suffrage, a constitutional assembly, and Polish autonomy. But there was a powerful minority who showed that there is a strong movement of moderate reformers to support Count Witte and the reform programme of 30 October. It is said, therefore, that a Council of Ministers at Tsarskoe Selo has decided that the demands of the Zemstvo Congress must be refused. A still stronger indication appears in the arrest of the organisers of the Peasants' Congress at Moscow. This has been described as an act of madness, seeing that the peasants are the most loyal of Russians. But it may equally well be an act of authority of the same class as that which exercised at Sevastopol appears to have ended an ominously dangerous mutiny.

Serious reports indeed continue to come from various parts of Russia as to the agrarian risings of the peasantry: and the Peasants' Congress passed a resolution which implied unmitigated jacquerie, if the peasants were prepared to put into action the principles which the pullers of the Congress strings got passed by vote. At the worst there is little evidence that the peasants are infected with the political and economic doctrines of the workmen in the towns. We hear of incidents, such as a telegram from Novotshensk describes, where sixty instigators of revolt were arrested by peasants. While there has been no resumption of the obviously political strike as yet, though it is reported from S. Petersburg that it is in prospect, there have been many strikes in various parts which appear to be chiefly economic. Such is probably the great strike of all the telegraph operators throughout Russia, which has to a great extent cut off S. Petersburg from other parts of the empire and from Europe.

The Sultan has not yet given in and he invites the Powers to seize any number of islands they think fit. To blockade the Dardanelles, as is now proposed, may seem impressive but will chiefly injure Russian trade if any is going on. As we anticipated, there has been no outbreak of Mohammedan fanaticism and there is not likely to be unless it is artificially stimulated. In fact the existence of any demonstration is probably unknown in Macedonia. If there were any such outbreak in

that region it would be impossible to keep Bulgaria quiet unless an international force were at once moved in, which would be difficult at a moment's notice. The prize of the Sultan's favour will fall to the Power which proposes an acceptable compromise that can save his face. At present the Centre party has not come forward, but the probability seems to be that the Porte will give in.

The German Emperor opened the session of the Reichstag on Tuesday. His speech seems to have created a good deal of excitement in France, some even here, but we find it prosaic enough compared with two or three he has made lately on less solemn occasions. What is pious platitude in the mouth of most rulers and highly responsible people is *ἀπὸ εὐπρεμίας* with the German Emperor, so rightly does character and genius count. But there was scarcely a sensation in the Reichstag speech. Compliments to Japan, hopes for Russia, and a rather dry and studied reference to Morocco and the diplomatic settlement, with one eloquent passage about the sacredness of German peace—these were the chief items of the speech. One finds nothing in it to unnerve the nations.

It is clear that the Hungarians have learned one of the main lessons of modern parliamentary life, which is how to obstruct. This has now descended to the Pest county assembly which has been at war with the High Sheriff who forced his way last week into the County Hall in order to fulfil his functions. After barricading the door these gentlemen amused themselves with comic speeches. They then elected an Under Sheriff of their own to act in opposition to the High Sheriff's nominee. The High Sheriff of Zemplén county has had to return to his office, escorted by gendarmes through a town hung with black. Two members only attended his swearing in, one, most appropriately, was a circus performer. Meanwhile in Vienna and Bohemia there have been great Socialist demonstrations, the former most orderly and impressive. A new factor is cutting in amid the racial conflict.

On Monday at Christiania King Haakon took the oath to keep the Norwegian Constitution and so entered into full rights and duties of sovereignty. The name of the new King has a fourteenth-century ring about it, recalling Norway in her old independent if not heroic days. England at one time proposed to wrest Norway from Denmark: now an English princess and a Danish prince share the Norwegian throne. We think the English people are not very much moved by the fact, and yet it is a really pleasant arrangement, and nothing heartier connected with kings and courts could be imagined than the messages of congratulation that have gone out to the young King and Queen of Norway. These have been wholly delightful. There has been no mistaking the enthusiasm of the new Queen's father; whilst in Norway itself there really seems to be not a discordant note, although at the time of the Referendum a small minority, republicans by principle, did declare against the proposal to offer the throne to Prince Charles.

The ceremony itself in the Storting was full of simple dignity and the addresses of quiet but evidently intense feeling. The crowd in the castle square after the ceremony, an immense crowd for Norway seeing it numbered a matter of thousands, is described as resembling a "family circle". At present the new King and Queen are rather oddly placed—they have no court. This is an appalling state of things from the point of view of the courtier—a king without a court is in a worse plight, surely, than a king without a people. But the new King and Queen of Norway will remedy this evil so soon as practicable. Meanwhile they have let it be known that they intend all arrangements of the kind to be quite simple. The King has taken the motto "Alt for Norge". We remember a famous sportsman, who visited Norway year after year, vowing that when he took to the country his Scotch gillie, the man, without knowing a word of the language, easily made the Norwegian peasantry understand his simple wants by expressing them in his own tongue, which in many cases strangely resembled their own. It sounded

rather improbable, but a few more sentences of Norwegian resembling the royal motto, and one might believe it.

It is a striking commentary on the agitation against Chinese labour on the Rand that so many of those who know nothing of the matter at first-hand are apprehensive like the Bishop of Birmingham or declamatory and hostile like Mr. Herbert Samuel, M.P. Men who have had the opportunity of studying the question on the spot like Sir Arthur Lawley, the retiring Lieutenant-Governor, and Sir William Preece, who on Wednesday night addressed the Society of Arts, are prepared to assert that the Chinese are neither a moral nor a material menace, that the conditions of slavery do not prevail and that the coolie is an economic benefit to South Africa. Sir Arthur goes so far as to say that if he could put the clock back he would unhesitatingly advocate importation, whilst Sir William Preece, having as a member of the British Association recently inspected the compounds, declares that the Chinese are to be seen wandering about "perfectly unconcerned and apparently very happy". They are well housed and cared for and "not a vestige of anything approaching slavery is evident".

Apropos of Chinese labour, on the Liberal side just now every Liberal is right who makes the most wild and unreasonable statements about the Chinese in South Africa: similarly every Unionist is right who "scores off" the Liberals in this matter. Mr. Brodrick, we are told, handsomely scored off the person who accepted his recent offer on the platform to pay the expenses to Africa of any Englishman who would like to try work in the mines. This man accepted the offer and (according to the press) soon afterwards Mr. Brodrick sent him—the indentures for Chinese labour! "Ha, ha! scored again", as the schoolboy would say. If this were really done, the joke was a poor thing; but perhaps the story is pure rigmarole. We hope so.

Sir Arthur Lawley in a speech in Johannesburg on Wednesday pointed to a much more serious South African problem—the greatest he said which the country has to face. Like the negro in America, the native in the South African colonies is the real menace of the future. It is absurd to imagine that the native can be enfranchised politically without serious risk. The South African black is far behind the American negro, and Sir William Preece's investigations went to show that the civilised and Christian native is lost among the masses of his heathen fellows. The blacks increase and multiply, whilst the white population is little better than stationary. "To raise the natives immediately", says Sir Arthur Lawley, "to the level of the whites would be an acrobatic feat of evolution of which humanity is incapable". A race feud is a possibility dreaded by every politician who knows South Africa.

Australian alarm at the falling-off in immigration has induced Mr. Deakin the Federal Premier to issue a statement deprecating the partisan and particularist utterances which have done an immense deal of harm. All parties are agreed that the question has become urgent, but the Labour leaders have apparently indulged in a Quixotic hope that they could keep out new-comers whilst there were unemployed in the chief cities. It was recently asserted that there were 17,000 men out of work in Australia, but a careful official inquiry has reduced the number to 3,560 out of a male population of 1,371,000, which is a smaller proportion than any other country in the world could show. Australia cannot take advantage of her opportunities, because would-be immigrants have been warned off by laws whose mischievous operation was not fully realised till business began to boom.

The long-delayed Royal Commission to inquire into the working of the Poor law and to inquire in what way it should be supplemented has been appointed and the names of the Commissioners were published on Wednesday. Lord George Hamilton as chairman raises the regret that another order of mind had not been given the presidency of the commission—we think of such types as the Prime Minister, Mr. Haldane, or

Mr. Asquith. The object seems to have been to give a neutral colouring to the body. There are seventeen members, three are Local Government Board officials of the three kingdoms, two are expert economists. Mr. Charles Booth is the best known name. Dr. Downes as head of the Poor-law medical administration is a very suitable selection.

Regard for neutrality may explain why no representative labour M.P. has been appointed. The selection of three lady members is an interesting feature. Mrs. Sidney Webb, Miss Octavia Hill, and Mrs. Bernard Bosanquet are really amongst the best known of the members. The new commission is perhaps not likely to leave such a decisive mark on legislation as the commission of seventy-three years ago: but the presence of women on the new commission is significant of the social changes during the period. It would have caused some surprise in 1832 if women's work had been acknowledged by appointing three women as Royal Commissioners.

A gang [of criminals so remarkably clever rarely appears in the dock as the three men who were convicted at the Old Bailey on Wednesday for forging the name of Mr. Marshall Fox to a cheque for over eight hundred pounds. If another criminal—the man Fisher, equally astute and ingenious—had not quarrelled with them over the spoils they would not have been brought to justice. Fisher's examination and cross-examination was a revelation of the psychology of the "higher" criminal mind. All the men had deliberately chosen to apply their abilities to criminal schemes. Bridgewater's plot to obtain, by Fisher's cleverness, impressions of the keys in the possession of Mr. Fox's lady secretary, and thereby of the blank cheques in the safe, together with the skilful forging afterwards by the other able rascal Shackell, formed as ingenious a piece of criminal artistry as could be concocted by the cleverest writer of detective fiction. To keep such a gang for the future where they could no longer devote talents and money to depredations on society would be the counsel urged by Sir Robert Anderson; but the annals of the Criminal Courts would become very much duller reading. Mr. Hugh Watt has been committed for trial.

The speeches at the anniversary meeting of the Royal Society on Thursday were of a specially interesting character. None was more suggestive and stimulating to the imagination than that of Sir Henry Roscoe in proposing the health of Sir William Huggins the retiring President. Sir William is the father of that most wonderful branch of modern astronomy, nebular and stellar chemistry founded on the use of the spectroscope. To read Sir William's description, short as it is, makes the news of terrestrial doings take on a sordidly banal appearance. We thank God for Sir William's labours as the mathematician did that his discoveries have nothing practical to recommend them. We have a similar satisfaction in learning that England stands alone in its possession of a group of distinguished men of science who are not professionals. Nor did Sir Henry omit to mention the distinction which Lady Huggins has won, by sharing her husband's labours, in the group of noted women of science past and present.

Lord Rosebery's clever parody of Byron's lines about the fiery particle strangely snuffed out by an article has raised quite a lively correspondence among the literary idlers. Lord Rosebery attributed the article on Keats, which was printed in the "Quarterly" and for a whim immortalised by Byron, to the "Edinburgh Review". It was our misfortune once during an hour of enforced idleness at the British Museum reading-room to pick up one or other of these reviews and read an article on Keats therein. Why the editor printed such poor jejune stuff we could never understand. He must have been hard up for "copy". Yet here are numbers of people in anguish over the question who wrote the article—was it Milman, was it Croker, or who? Life must be long and boring indeed to people who are driven to such a curiosity of literature as this. Why not grope in old numbers of "Tit-Bits" if time hangs so heavy as all this?

THE CONFOUNDING OF POLITICS.

OUR enemies, if this country has any enemies, must surely find delicious entertainment in watching us fulfilling in our own persons the kindly prayer we are fond of singing with so much fervour for their benefit. The curse has certainly come home to roost. At this moment it is impossible to describe an Englishman by any one political name which will show what are his views on the largest and most obvious issues of the day. To say that a man is a Conservative or a Unionist leaves you in absolute doubt whether he is a protectionist, free trader, or half-and-half; call him a Liberal and you have no idea whether he is a Home Ruler, an opponent of Home Rule, or one who would give Ireland Home Rule under some other name. You do not know whether he is a Little Englander, to whom empire represents nothing but the vulgar lust of possession, or an Imperialist who insists that it is only Liberalism which makes an empire possible at all. That political names should mean little is a small thing, they seldom have meant much, but it is awkward, when as at this moment they may mean not only different but contradictory things. The ordinary voter does want to know whether if he votes a certain "ticket", he will be voting for or against two or three of the greatest and most controversial questions of the day. Beyond that he certainly does not want to know, and perhaps there is no need that he should know. But he is done if his party label obviously fails him. We say obviously with intention, for if he does not perceive that it fails him, he will remain perfectly happy in voting for his party. We are all content to be deceived until we are aware of the deception; and too often are entirely unthankful to the person who undeceives us. But the ordinary voter has been undeceived and is accordingly unhappy. It is no longer enough for him to know that a candidate is a Liberal or is a Conservative. The two party questions in which the average elector—who is not a strong partisan; the strong partisans are comparatively few—takes an interest are Fiscal Policy and Home Rule. He does want to know what are the candidates' views on these two questions. But he will have great difficulty in making this discovery at the next election; and his difficulties will not end there. If he obtain the desired information, he will in many places find himself gibbeted on a painful dilemma, one-half of his own views being represented by one candidate and the other half by the opposing candidate.

The Unionist free trader will usually be in this case, for the Unionist candidate will generally be a tariff reformer; the Liberal candidate a Home Ruler. He cannot vote for a protectionist, as he would say; he is ashamed to vote for a Home Ruler. What is he to do? Or the Liberal, who now insists that he is not a Home Ruler, one of Lord Rosebery's admirers? He does not like a Home Rule Liberal; he likes still less a Protectionist Tory. A Unionist free trader might provide an asylum for this particular case: but such asylums will be rare. Undoubtedly the easiest position will be that of the Unionist tariff reformer and the Liberal Home Ruler. Either of these may fail to find a candidate representing all his views, but he will never have the misery of seeing his views divided between two opposing parties. The Unionist tariff reformer can never be tempted to vote for a Liberal, for if the Unionist candidate is a free trader, so is the Liberal; on tariff questions he can gain nothing by voting Liberal. On the Home Rule issue the Unionist candidate will always be with him; the Liberal will generally be against him, and even if the Liberal is a Roseberian and anti-Home Rule, he is no better than the Unionist. In short the Unionist tariff reformer can never gain by supporting a Liberal. Similarly the free trader who is also a Home Ruler can never gain by supporting a Unionist. But all the minor groups will be involved in inextricable difficulties. If any of them should survive into next Parliament, which is quite doubtful, the confusion there will be very much graver. By playing on free trade and Home Rule the Irish Nationalists will be in a position to upset any Government

that has not an absolute majority of overwhelming strength.

On the Unionist side there can be no doubt that the great majority of the whole number of Unionists returned, whatever proportion that may bear to the whole House, will be supporters of Mr. Chamberlain's policy. Whatever may be the developments on the Unionist side, everything points to that ultimate result. "Whole hoggers" have proved themselves much the most successful Unionist candidates, and fiscal reform on those lines is the only fiscal reform understood or regarded by the average elector. As we have insisted over and over again, adherence to this policy ought not to involve any breach with Mr. Balfour's leadership, and intrinsically it does not. We sincerely hope no breach will follow; it will depend on Mr. Balfour whether in fact it does or not. But in any case the great majority of the Unionist candidates returned at the next election will be tariff reformers on Mr. Chamberlain's lines; of that we have no doubt at all. Therefore, be the Liberal or the Unionist majority what it may, there will no longer be any practical doubt as to the fiscal view of the Unionist side of the House.

Will the election make equally clear the Liberal position as to Home Rule? It is of extreme importance that it should; but it is much more difficult to ensure that it will. The fiscal position of Unionists will be forced into clearness by the largest group in the party, who wish that it should be made clear. Mr. Chamberlain will see to that. Unfortunately there is no reason to think that the bulk of the Liberal party do wish their position on Home Rule to be made clear. Indeed it is very plain that they want it to remain as obscure as possible. They would wish their attitude to Irish politics to be so undefined that those electors who are Home Rulers could support them as favouring Home Rule, while those who are averse from Home Rule might vote for them as opposed to it. The Irish members will of course take care that this game is not played in the House, but it may be played with some success in the country. We will do Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman the justice to say that, in spite of his numerous Liberal commentators, his words at Stirling make a perfectly straightforward and honest declaration in favour of Home Rule. We cannot doubt for a moment that Sir Henry genuinely believes that Home Rule would be a good thing for Ireland and for the whole United Kingdom. Similarly Lord Rosebery believes it would be a bad thing. Neither of them has attempted to obscure the issue. But other Liberal politicians have been engaged every moment since Lord Rosebery's declaration at Bodmin in reconciling by explaining away their antagonistic but perfectly plain statements. It is possible that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman may not be strong enough to resist the pressure of the wirepullers and will subsequently attempt to explain away himself. It is therefore particularly important to note what he actually said at Stirling, speaking before all this hullabaloo arose in the Liberal party. His words at Stirling must remain authoritative whatever comments he may himself make upon them later. They were spontaneous; his comments will not be. These are Sir Henry's words ("Times" report):—

The question of Ireland undoubtedly remained with us. He was addressing them freely, and he was going to speak his mind on the subject. The subject was not new, neither was his opinion new. His opinion had long been known to them. It was that the only way of healing the evils of Ireland, of solving the difficulties of her administration and giving content and prosperity to her people, and of making her a strength instead of a weakness to the empire, was that the Irish people should have the management of their own domestic affairs. And so far from that opinion fading and dwindling as the years passed on, it had become stronger, and what was more, he had more confidence in its realisation. . . . If he were asked for advice by an ardent Irish Nationalist he would say that his desire was to see the effective management of Irish affairs in the hands of a representative Irish authority; and he further said that, if he were the Irish Nationalist, he would take it in any way that he could get it. If an instalment of representative control were offered to Ireland, or any administrative improvement, he would advise the Nationalists thankfully to accept it, provided it was con-

sistent and led up to their larger policy—but, he repeated, it must be consistent and lead up to the larger policy. To secure good administration was one thing, but good government could never be a substitute for government by the people themselves.

Sir Henry here lays down that Irish affairs are to be in the hands of a representative Irish authority, having prefaced this statement of policy with the voluntary declaration that his views on this question had not changed. Subsequently, as though to forestall the very suggestion made by some of his friends that he only meant certain particular administrative or other reforms, he goes out of his way to insist that however good reforms may be, they will not take the place of "government by the people". That could not refer to local government, for the Irish have popular local government already. His words can mean nothing else but an Irish parliament for Irish affairs. Lord Rosebery took them at their real meaning. How difficult it is to escape from this conclusion is shown by the uncomfortable struggles of so able and usually straightforward a politician as Sir Edward Grey, who explains away both Sir Henry and Lord Rosebery by declaring that neither understands the other while he is the only man who understands either. This is humorous but it is nothing else. And then we are asked to distinguish between Home Rule and the steps that are to lead to Home Rule. An elector who objects to Home Rule is to console himself in voting for Sir Henry and his followers with the reflection that he is not voting for Home Rule but only for what will lead to it. What an honest distinction! We are assured that Lord Rosebery has caused no Liberal split; very likely, if this is the measure of Liberal conviction. Sir Edward Grey, when in future he repeats his story of Mr. Balfour's disingenuousness, might with advantage drop the pose of Aristides.

THE RUSSIAN COIL.

THE difficulty of sifting facts from exaggerations and distortions has increased rather than diminished since the "emancipation" of the Russian Press from censorship. The Russian Telegraph Agency has had on more than one occasion within the last fortnight to deny flatly in print the very existence of reported grave events and of interviews with Count Witte, detailed accounts of which had appeared in the Russian press and were repeated in its London contemporaries. If half of the recent alarming telegraphic news from Sevastopol were true, we might perhaps be inclined to believe the report that the Kaiser has a convoy of his warships ready at Kiel to take away at short notice the Tsar and the Imperial Family to a safe retreat abroad. The general political outlook is grave enough without exaggeration. The revolutionaries are doing their best to shake the very existence of their country in the financial world in their efforts to attain their own ends in reform. From the workmen controlling the chief arteries of communication in the Empire, to the waiters, housemaids, and seamstresses in the capitals, all have had their turn in a general strike and attempt to disorganise their sphere of influence. Now we are told there is to be not merely whispered moral support, as hitherto, of the officers, but the active participation in the revolutionary movement of the rank and file of both arms of his Majesty's forces. "The Army and Navy in Revolt. Wholesale Russian Forces Disaffected." Such are the clap-trap headlines to the columns of this week's news from Russia. The financial organ of the Russian economists (whatever revolutionary leading instrument that may be) is to call on Count Witte to resign immediately. The only possible solution of the situation, according to these Russian economists, is the declaration of a dictatorship. If these accounts were true, then it might be feared the beginning of the end of Russia's political and economic existence as a great European Power had arrived. The actual state of affairs in the partial dislocation of the governing force of Russia's central authority through the sudden opening of the flood-gates of reform is, we repeat, serious enough. But

the assertion that the army and navy are in a state of revolt and mutiny we decline to accept.

In the first place we remember that the army is drawn chiefly from that "stolid, stupid immovable" population, the peasantry, whose real grievances and actual demands are non-political. Secondly, the army as a whole has little or no chance of coming in contact in its everyday existence with the revolutionary orators and propagandists. Finally the army, both rank and file, is well aware that it has nothing to gain either from success or failure by siding with the revolutionists. Much was made by the reporters of the recent disturbances at Cronstadt with the object of proving that revolt or mutiny was rampant in the army and navy; but the attempt has signally failed. The bulk of the soldiers and sailors who could be mustered on the island stood to their arms and obeyed the command of their officers. The real disturbers of the peace and the looting incendiaries were the hooligan and dock-labouring population which form a large proportion of the inhabitants of Cronstadt. The rioters were certainly reinforced by some hundred or more of the soldiers and sailors who had become mad drunk in the looting of the local gin-shops and had made an abortive attempt to rescue some forty of their comrades who were being taken to one of the fortresses. To make out of these disturbances a case of revolt and mutiny of the troops is either an attempt to prejudice the truth of the whole affair or to fail to grasp the situation. The men implicated in the riots are not even liable for military revolt and are not to be tried by court-martial. There is no evidence to show that their insubordination amounts to a mutiny, for there was no refusal on their part to obey the orders of their superior officers. We must condemn in passing the frequent accusations of wanton cruelty hurled indiscriminately at the Russian soldier in putting down disorders and outrages in the streets and the hardly concealed anxiety of the foreign press reporter to make out a case of military revolt from odd instances of mere insubordination. It is only fair to bear in mind that it is the duty of troops in all countries to quell and subdue by force of arms riotous disturbances, sometimes under great personal provocation and trial of self-control. In such circumstances it is unfair to treat isolated instances of loss of temper in putting down armed resistance of rioters as a sign of inherent cruelty in the army as a whole. Mischievous misrepresentations of this kind have their origin in a certain section of the press which derives its information from sources under the influence of the extreme revolutionists who are strongly represented in Southern Russia, the revolutionary intelligentsia or educated political freethinkers. This class, influential in its numbers, with its mind and ideas steeped in the social democratic literature of Western Europe believes it has discovered the means for "emancipating" the Russian people in literal imitation of the West. It is this party and its uncompromising delegates at the recent Zemstvo congress, that has thrown down the gauntlet to Count Witte and his Cabinet.

The reports from Southern Russia are particularly conflicting. At Sevastopol the rising has apparently been suppressed after severe fighting. We are informed the squadron was ordered to put to sea to avoid contamination with the insurgents on land. The same telegram adds that the officers were arrested and that the entire fleet espoused the cause of the mutineers. Finally, we have been assured that the whole squadron was under the command of a single lieutenant, a rank revolutionist; that he had threatened to bombard the town with the whole squadron if any of the sailors imprisoned were brought before a court-martial. All this sounds too much like the previous sensational story of the mutiny of the entire Black Sea fleet, and of the recent treacherous behaviour of all the crews of the same ships, when it was asserted that Admiral Birileff and his staff officers were shot by them and the ships taken possession of by the insurgents. A striking feature of the present situation is the meagre attention devoted to it in the St. Petersburg press, which, as has already been remarked, is now without the restraint of censorship.

The gravest rumours, if even partially correct, are the spread of the agrarian disturbances. These are promoted by the agitators who according to telegraphic information from Saratov are riding about the villages in military uniform, collecting the villagers in groups and exhibiting to them a Ukase in a golden frame issued, they assure the peasants, by the Emperor himself, authorising the peasants to confiscate the landlords' corn. The peasants are emptying the granaries and setting fire to the buildings. The purport of these depredations is plunder rather than political insurrection. Beyond the attempt to obtain more land the peasant is not likely to clamour for political rights and privileges. Neither is the arrest of the organisers of the peasants' congress likely to incite an agrarian political movement. The organisers as well as the delegates at the congress were self-constituted peasants' representatives, amongst others M. Tshirikoff, a well-known revolutionary and author of the proscribed play the "Chosen People", which was produced last winter at the Avenue Theatre, London. The latest manifesto promulgated by the Tsar is a grant to the peasants of a reduction of 50 per cent. on the redemption payments on their land allotments for 1906, and a total abolition of future payments from January 1907, with additional allotments of land from State property. These and other important economic improvements in the condition of the peasantry will probably tend in a great measure to check the agrarian disaffection as soon as the particulars are made known through the village communes to the peasants themselves.

THE PILOT OF THE FOREIGN OFFICE

IT is generally forgotten that Talleyrand's well-worn aphorism "surtout point de zèle" was addressed to a youthful diplomatist, and that even with that limitation it admitted and admits of a varied application. To-day the diplomat is less than ever his own master and is circumscribed in all his movements by the telegraph. This means that the responsibility of his prompters has increased in proportion as his own has diminished; in other words, increased the importance of the Foreign Office and its directing forces. By the happy accidents, which, with a fortunate absence of logic, in this country have made a democratic system possible by means of aristocratic judgment, we have, of late years, seen the process of foreign policy worked with the general approval of both parties. Admittedly this can only be the case when their leaders are genuinely patriotic men whose first aim is not to score off their opponents, but to subordinate minor difference to the general welfare of the State. This unselfish reticence, which alone makes possible a consecutive policy under parliamentary government, has now become a recognised method, but it is only possible when Ministers habitually acknowledge the right of their leading opponents to unofficial information on matters of grave moment. Without some such honourable understanding popular government and a strong and steady foreign policy would be almost irreconcilable. Some point is given to this reflexion by the publication this week of the report by the Committee of Foreign Affairs appointed by the French Chamber. M. Gervais, the Chairman, is a man of statesmanlike mind, but one shudders to contemplate what might be made of such an opportunity by some of our own politicians who not inconceivably might find themselves in such a place if it were a part of our constitutional arrangements. We have an analogous instance in the case of the Committee of Foreign Relations appointed by the Senate of the United States. They find themselves in constant conflict with the Executive, they are so to-day in the matter of the financial control of San Domingo. They like to emphasise their independence of the President, and as America enters into world politics American foreign policy will suffer gravely if this state of friction is persisted in for the sake of some worn-out constitutional formula.

With these warnings before our eyes it is easy to understand that too much importance cannot be attri-

buted to the post of Permanent Secretary in the Foreign Office. The Permanent Secretary represents the stable element in our policy which, however carefully maintained to the best of their ability by party leaders, would always be liable to hazardous fluctuations under any method of government where neither a bureaucracy nor an autocracy is the controlling factor. For this reason the retirement of Sir Thomas Sanderson and the appointment of his successor are of more vital importance to the country than any change of permanent officials in other Government offices. It is immensely to the benefit of the State that public opinion has so little to do with the Foreign Office, and indeed regards it with much suspicion and considerable respect, such respect as is proverbially felt for the unknown. The old system of mystery in which officials wrapped themselves is no more, though a sagacious secrecy is in some points still the soul of business in foreign affairs. But an attitude of aloofness from the ideas even of the most intelligent outsiders, simply because they were non-official, must clearly now become a thing of the past.

The qualifications necessary for the man who would occupy this great position with the approval of history, or of that contemporary opinion which Mr. Gladstone said was almost its equivalent, are so various and exacting that it is not surprising if there has been long hesitation between possible candidates. First, he must be a master of precedents, because to ignore precedent in dealing with some Governments is to give mortal offence. Far more important than this is the capacity to conduct complicated negotiations. When a policy is once launched, its conduct to a satisfactory issue lies mainly in the hands of the permanent official. Tact and suavity must go with capacity, for it must be remembered that in minor matters and in great affairs, once set going, he and not the Foreign Minister is generally the communicating medium with the representatives of foreign powers. For this purpose he must also be strong and not merely supple. Anyone acquainted with the work of the Foreign Office will admit that such qualities have been necessary to the right performance of these functions for many decades, and that they were possessed in a high degree by Sir Thomas Sanderson as they have been by some of his predecessors. They are still necessary to-day, some of them perhaps in a less degree than formerly, but they remain the requisites for the purely official side of the position. So long as Great Britain regarded foreign affairs as in the main the affairs of Europe, a Secretary so equipped was practically ideal. He would not offend Austrian susceptibilities and he might be trusted to deal faithfully but courteously with the Frenchman or the Russian. But now that we have recognised and properly value our position as a great world Power, the pure official is no longer the personage he was. A mere knowledge of what is known in France as the "Protocol" carries us no distance at all in the conception or moulding of a policy with wide aims. For this something more is required than formulæ. It needs sympathy with British aims in all quarters of the globe and under varying conditions. It is not unjust to say that the Far East only a few years ago was regarded by our Foreign Office much as the ancients or a mediæval poet like Dante looked on the regions beyond the pillars of Hercules. They viewed its claims to attention with impatience and thought foul scorn of foreign manœuvres in those remote corners of the globe. It is always dangerous to attempt to recast history, but we can have little doubt that a more intelligent appreciation of our interests in China might have nipped in the bud the developments of Russian policy which issued in the Russo-Japanese war. The beginning of this sinister business may be dated from the unhappy episode of our precipitate retirement from Port Arthur, which could never have occurred had our rulers and their advisers really grasped the magnitude of the Far Eastern question, so far as it concerned England alone, to say nothing of the rest of the world.

What was lacking at that time in the conduct of our Foreign Office was the vital quality of imagination without which there can be no great statesman; and the permanent head of that office must be a great

statesman if in the present state of the world's growth he is to be a permanent national asset. He may be more necessary under some Foreign Ministers than others but he can never be dispensed with. Germany under the Kaiser possesses this asset perhaps to excess but at all events it is always there, for the directing force is irremovable. France had it under M. Delcassé's Ministry; we too may have it at one time in our Ministry and not at another according to the character of our Foreign Secretary and this is where the statesmanship of the Permanent Secretary may prove so invaluable.

We will not attempt to estimate the probable influence of Sir Charles Hardinge in this domain of statecraft; but clearly the days are no more when lack of accessibility is a supreme qualification for this office. Sir Thomas Sanderson was not inaccessible, but he carried reticence, which in the Foreign Office is clearly a virtue, to a point where it became prudery. He rightly respected precedents, but he ignored the precedents of the men he did not greatly respect. Herein he was not always a safe guide, though his own judgment was singularly clear if not unprejudiced. If the choice of his successor had fallen on Sir Francis Bertie, those who know the need in the present conditions of international rivalry of a larger outlook than that of the official precisian would have been well pleased.

THE POOR LAW COMMISSION.

THE English workhouse has not been a success. After more than seventy years of trial its breakdown is marked by the appointment of the Royal Commission of this week which, like that of 1832, is demanded by the general dissatisfaction with the working of the Poor-law system of relief. We have had really three hundred years' experience of poor laws since the statutory enactment of Elizabeth in 1601; and the one fact that may be taken to have been most indisputably proved is that provision by the law must be made for certain classes of the people who from divers causes fall into want. At the time of the Commission of 1832 there were men such as Mr. Nassau Senior the economist, one of the ablest and most active members of the Commission, and Dr. Chalmers, who believed that it would be better for society if there were no poor law, and they maintained that this was possible. Their ideas have wholly disappeared, except so far as they are represented by the antiquated advocacy of the Charity Organisation Society; whose secretary has taken care to get himself put on the present commission. Whatever advice the commission may have for the Government and the country, it will certainly not advise that voluntary philanthropic organisations can do the work which the State has so long undertaken. That would be as impossible as Mr. Auberon Herbert's voluntary system of taxation. We should like to think that the Commission of 1905 will be as decisive in its views of the necessary alterations in the existing poor law as that of 1832 was as to the changes required in the law as it had grown up since the days of Elizabeth. This is not to be expected either from the membership of the present commission, or the state of public opinion, which is much more dubious as to what it wants than it was seventy years ago. The personnel of the commission is not very impressive. There are plenty of clever, learned and zealous individuals on it, but it is lacking in an authoritative personality. Who would say that Lord George Hamilton can be trusted to redeem the commission from mediocrity? It is true that in recognition of his support the free traders have suddenly discovered that Lord George possesses abilities which they had not any more than others previously discovered, but we do not rely much on this as a credential. There are no men on this commission of such original views and strong character as Mr. Nassau Senior or Mr. Edwin Chadwick, or men carrying such weight as Dr. Blomfield, the Bishop of London, the Chairman of the 1832 Commission, or Dr. Sumner the Bishop of Chester. Besides this there was a more definite public opinion as to what ought to be done

to meet the circumstances of that time than there is now. The prevailing temper of the educated was Bentham individualism and utilitarianism, and it was much easier to prune off the evil luxuriance which had grown from maladministration of Elizabeth's poor law than it is now to decide whether there shall be further and what steps taken by the State to-day. For that is the real problem; and no one would dream that the commission or any other body of men would hold that the remedy for present troubles is to limit the State's action as much as possible. The temper of the time is against this; but we are very dubious how to give effect to it practically.

When the Commission of 1832 met it found pretty nearly all the labouring classes in receipt of parish relief, and the rates made a burden immensely greater than they are at present. The statute of Elizabeth had declared that the poor should be set on work—that is work should be provided for them by their parishes. Essentially that is the principle of what the Unemployed Act of this year would have been if the Bill had been passed in its original form. In Elizabeth's time there was a great breaking up of society owing to agricultural and industrial changes, and the unemployed began to take their place as one of the regular orders of society. It is more probable that Elizabeth's Act intended only to provide work for these unemployed; but there is an opinion that it was intended to apply to the poor generally. However that may be, the wages of the labouring classes had come to be paid partly in rates: a father would receive rates according to the size of his family; his son of fourteen would receive his separate parish rations at home; the daughter would receive parish pay proportioned to the number of her illegitimate children; and the man who married her would get this dowry with her. Something sharp, decisive, even severe was evidently called for, and the workhouse test and the centralised administration as we know it was the remedy adopted. It raised riots amongst the poor; it inflicted such hardships as Dickens described; but it cannot be doubted that it saved the poor at large from many degradations. It set up a penal system in the belief that only the idle and vicious would come on the rates if the industrious poor were left free to earn the market rate of wages in open competition. Provided always that they regulated the size of their families more discreetly; and to help them to do this was one of the objects of the new Poor law. This penal theory was the mistake of the Act of 1834. It made poverty the crime of a ne'er-do-well just at the time when the changes in manufacturing and mechanical inventions had begun to create the new kind of poverty of a new kind of society, and steam and factories began to turn out another order of pauper. The men of that day did not know as we know from experience how serious the results were to become. Keep down the rates and all is well was the new mot d'ordre at the earlier stages; and the workhouse test was the gospel of the orthodox poor-law administrators. But in time humanity took the alarm and saw much injustice in rigorous treatment of the victims of industrial circumstances. We began to hear of the impossibility of applying the strict workhouse test; and in spite of poor-law orthodoxy the system of outdoor relief spread while the working and the worthless poor were admitted indiscriminately into workhouses which had become only residences for all classes of poor. Work had ceased to be found on any intelligent system, and the so-called workhouses became clubs in which paupers enjoyed more comforts than their working fellows outside. There has been enormous extravagance in buildings, in officialism, in dietary; and all because the public conscience was offended with the rigid theory of the poor law of 1834. Rates are increasing and the ratio of pauperism, as in the earlier days, and for a similar reason, that we are supporting by the rates those who ought to be self-supporting. Poor-houses should only be hospitals for the economically diseased, not luxuriously appointed mansions for the potentially industrious. Until some means are discovered of employing these classes of industrious there can be no reform of the poor law either by the strict administration of the workhouse test or by such schemes as old age pensions. The high rates forbid it, as we cannot

bear our present system of pauper administration, and add such extraneous expenses as pensions and large housing schemes to our existing burdens. Means must be found for employing the potential worker as an economic producer not only on the ground of this heavy burden of pauperism but to prevent the physical and moral deterioration of those for whom we do nothing now but either pamper them in poorhouses or leave them to starve in the streets. In short all the questions of housing and degeneracy amongst the poor work out to the ultimate factor of what to do with the employable unemployed. Some charitable organisations, such as the Church Army or the Mansion House Committee in its later stages, have recognised that the provision of work and not of charity must be the way of dealing with unemployment. Hardly anybody needs convincing now that charity organised and impersonal, a mere contribution to funds, does more harm than good; and that charity plus pharisaism and preaching, the fad of the Charity Organisation Society, is only the unofficial form of the pedants of the 1834 poor law. In all directions attempts have been made by the poor law itself, and by societies, and by legislative proposals such as Old Age Pensions and the Unemployed Act. It will be the task of the commission to inquire into these various agencies; to examine the poor law in the light of such allegations as those we have made against it. The inquiry into the workings of the poor law itself will be the easier task. As regards the charitable agencies outside the poor law, which the commission is directed to inquire into, the field is wider; take for instance the relation of the hospitals to the poor law and the question whether they should not cease to be supported by charitable contributions. Widest of all will be the inquiry whether any, and if so what, modification of the poor laws or changes in their administration or fresh legislation for dealing with distress are advisable. Even the debate on free trade and fiscal reform might on principle be included in such a survey. The commission is not instructed to inquire into the causes of distress but the free trader and the reformer each claim that his plan is a palliative of distress, so theoretically the commission might take it in their purview. But of course they will do nothing of the sort. It will be in the selection of appropriate subjects of inquiry, the procuring of good evidence, the intellectual grasp of the material laid before them that the wisdom or otherwise of the commission will be shown. We are afraid that in these respects the new commission will not be so distinguished as its predecessor of 1832. Both have been appointed to help a Government out of its difficulties. The commission of 1832 deserved well of the Government and the nation by laying down, after two years' investigation, a decisive programme, which was adopted with the approval of persons competent to judge, and worked a revolution in poor-law administration. We can imagine the present commission sitting equally long without doing more than agreeing upon a few points which would provide material for a further paltry Act amending the poor law. Commissions in our time have a knack of fizzling out.

THE CITY.

THE success of Japan in the world of finance is as complete as her victories on the battlefield, and the remarkable reception accorded to the 4 per cent. loan issued during the past week brings into sharper contrast the demoralisation which obtains in the financial affairs of her late enemy. On the one hand is the keen competition of London, Paris, Berlin and New York to participate in this latest issue, and on the other a steady selling of Russian securities accompanied by stories of the refusal of the Government to exchange paper currency at face value, an action which if it be true strikes at the very basis of the country's financial economy. There is in all probability much exaggeration in both instances. The great ability displayed by the Japanese in the handling of their national finances promises well for the future but it must not be over-

looked that the natural wealth of the islands of Japan is at present an unknown quantity. We have consistently advocated investment in Japanese securities and we see no reason to alter our view but when the re-arrangement of the outstanding loans, some of which bear a high rate of interest, is completed we earnestly trust that Japan will abstain from further entering the European markets for loan purposes and will bend her genius to develop her new possessions, the prosperity of which is the material claim she has to borrow fresh money in Europe. It will be noticed that the recent issue of £25,000,000 forming part of an authorised loan of £50,000,000 is not specifically secured as in former instances but is borne by the general credit of the country, and that the application of the proceeds of the loan is to be in such manner as the Imperial Japanese Government may determine in virtue of their statutory powers, to the redemption of the Internal loans: the balance of £25,000,000 is reserved for the purpose of converting or redeeming at a later date the 6 per cent. sterling bonds issued in 1904 and if any surplus remains after providing for the same, for such other purposes as the Imperial Government may determine. The allotments in respect of the new issue are not known at the time of writing but it is understood that the applications covered the loan about fifteen times over as far as the portion reserved for London (£6,500,000) is concerned and the percentage received by applicants will therefore be necessarily small. The other Japanese issue of Kansai Railway 4½ per cent. first mortgage debentures for £1,000,000 was also a complete success as it well deserved to be, the interest required being covered about three times on the average profits for the past five years: the issue price was 97½ per cent. at which the yield is £4 13s. 4d. per cent.

To complete our review of the week's issues the success of the London Motor Omnibus Preference Shares has been followed by a similar achievement by the Motor Bus Company, which is an entirely new concern with a capital of £305,000 in 300,000 ordinary shares of £1 each and 100,000 deferred shares of 1s. each. The districts to be served by the new company do not appear to conflict with the routes traversed by the existing motor bus companies, and an important feature is the establishment of a committee of representatives from each of the leading motor bus companies to give effect to the agreement in principle which has already been arrived at for the purpose of avoiding competition, and for the protection of their mutual interests.

In regard to the general stock markets the rise in the price of Consols is gratifying as we have reason to believe that it is the outcome of genuine investment buying and also because the completion of the Consol account showed a much diminished speculative position open. Foreign securities have been active—the dealings in the new Japanese issue having naturally been most prominent, the stock being quoted at 1 premium after having changed hands at 1½. Russian bonds have been offered from Paris and are three points lower on balance. An interesting movement is the rise of 1 per cent. in Turkish bonds in spite of the strained relations between the Sultan and the European Powers. The speculation which has been going on in Peruvian Corporation issues based upon the statements current as to the dividend to be declared on the Preference stock is at length checked by the announcement that the dividend will be 1½ per cent. The immediate result has been a drop of 3 points in the quotation and from all accounts the "bulls" have been severely handled as stock had been bought on statements which appeared to come from a reliable source that the dividend would be 1½ per cent.: the whole thing has become a distinct gamble since the loan by a German bank has indefinitely deferred a settlement of the outstanding questions between the Corporation and the Peruvian Government.

Home railway stocks have been sold and in so far as the speculative position is reduced thereby it is a satisfactory feature as the traffics continue to show increases more particularly on the heavy lines: with the easier money conditions which are likely to rule with the turn of the year, there is every prospect of higher quotations for most of the northern lines.

The South African mining market looked as though it were on the verge of an utter collapse at one time during the week, as selling came from all quarters—Paris, South Africa and the provinces. The "rot" however was stayed, not as far as one could judge by any real demand for shares but chiefly by a change of sentiment in sympathy with the general tone of the Stock Exchange which improved throughout most markets on Wednesday. Sir Julius Wernher has been interviewed by a French newspaper and we cannot quarrel with the statements he is reported to have made. He does not attempt to disguise the fact that the public are holding aloof from the mining market but he very rightly draws a sharp distinction between market conditions and the actual mining industry which is making steady progress. The heavy cost of importing Chinese labour and the demands made upon the resources of the companies to repair the damage caused by the war, are nearing their end. It is hoped that the current year will see the end of this extraordinary expenditure. The unreasoning attitude of people who refuse to allow any good in mining provides an opportunity for those who are content to confine their investments to dividend-paying mines many of which can be bought to yield 10 per cent. after allowing for redemption, at present prices.

The annual reports of three of the most important land companies whose operations are mainly concerned with South Africa are just published, and although the severe depression which has so long existed has been reflected in their balance sheets there is evidence of the steady pioneering work essential to the ultimate success of any new country but unfortunately not always associated with immediate success. The Oceana Consolidated Company, the Transvaal Estates and Development Company and Henderson's Transvaal Estates to which we allude have evidently done good work during the past year. Circumstances have prevented any large measure of success but the resources of the companies have been carefully husbanded and the policy pursued is on right lines.

INSURANCE.

SCOTTISH UNION AND NATIONAL.

IT is nearly thirty years since the Scottish Union and the Scottish National Insurance Companies amalgamated under the title of the Scottish Union and National. Since the amalgamation the accounts of the two old companies have been kept separately and all the business effected since that date has been shown in a third account under the name of the combined companies. We believe that powers are being sought to improve the position of the Scottish Union and National in various ways, and that at the same time arrangements are contemplated for merging all the accounts into one. The publication of the valuation returns up to the end of last year provides an instructive illustration of the way in which a solvent company can discharge all its liabilities without transacting any new business. At about the date of the amalgamation the Scottish Union assured more than £5,000,000 and had funds of more than £1,000,000. About three-fourths of these liabilities have been met and yet at the present time the funds exceed £900,000; while the assurances in force have been reduced by 74 per cent. the funds have only been reduced 16 per cent. The Scottish National policies at the time of the amalgamation assured £3,300,000, and now assure £1,200,000: the funds then were £621,000 and now amount to £803,000. The sums assured have been decreased to the extent of 63 per cent. and the funds in hand have increased to the extent of 29 per cent.

In both cases the great increase in the proportion of funds to sums assured is not an indication of any large surplus accumulations, although the security is abundant, but is a demonstration of a fundamental feature in Life assurance which is frequently overlooked. During the early years of policy existence the premiums paid more than cover the risk of death: during the later years the claims exceed the premiums, thus the Scottish Union and the Scottish National accounts show that during the past five years the premiums paid

amounted to £328,689; while for claims and surrenders £910,846 was paid. This sum exceeds the premiums received by £582,157 of which £333,141 was provided by interest on the accumulated reserves, the balance being taken from the funds which are held for the purpose: these funds will now continue to decrease until all the liabilities have been met. Those people who from time to time grumble at the vast funds of the insurance companies would do well to study these accounts and see how necessary it is to accumulate reserves during the early years of assurance in order that later on funds may be available for the payment of claims. Those who suggest the payment of claims out of premium income, and argue that as funds are constantly increasing, in ordinary circumstances, such accumulations are unnecessary, are advocating the robbing of Peter for the payment of Paul. When, as in the case of the Scottish Union and the Scottish National, the influx of Peters ceases, there would be no money available for the payment of Pauls if this system were adopted since their premiums would have been taken to meet previous claims.

Except for this illustration of an important principle the report of the current Scottish Union and National business is the most interesting part of the returns. The liabilities are valued on the supposition that death will occur in accordance with the British Offices' Mortality Table, and that interest will be earned at the rate of 3 per cent. The rate actually realised is about 3½ per cent., which shows the somewhat small margin of 1½ per cent. per annum of the funds as a contribution to surplus. Twenty per cent. of future premiums are set aside for future expenses and profits, which leaves a margin of about 6½ per cent. of the premium income for future bonuses. The shareholders' proportion of profits absorbs another 1½ per cent. of the premiums and reduces the contribution from this source for the benefit of policyholders to about 5 per cent. of the premium income. This again is a small margin when we consider that the liabilities are valued on a 3 per cent. basis. The rate of bonus declared was a simple reversionary addition of £1 10s. per annum for each £100 assured.

THE VALUE OF THE ROCK.—II.

AFTER the final retrocession of Minorca in 1815 nothing more was heard of the cession of Gibraltar for many years. It was not till well past the middle of the nineteenth century that England, suffering from one of her periodical acute attacks of morbid self-righteousness and misled by the Little England school and by Mr. Gladstone's influence, which had already borne fruit in our fatuous abandonment of Corfu, once again began to search her heart; this time as to "the means of removing all sources of friction between ourselves and a high-spirited nation", as the process of scuttle from Gibraltar was unctuously styled. In this agitation of 1868-69 several leading sailors and some soldiers were induced to give their professional opinion in favour of the amiable visionaries who were anxious to cripple wantonly our position among nations, weaken our hold on the Mediterranean and jeopardise our route to India. Happily the Duke of Cambridge, in his capacity of military adviser to the Crown, threw all his weight into the opposing scale and the agitation eventually subsided. In letters of this period it is instructive to note that one of the stock arguments in favour of the abandonment of the Rock was that "owing to the increase in the range of modern guns" the anchorage was "commanded from the Queen of Spain's Chair". So it is and so it ever has been and ever will be, but it did not affect our defence of the Rock in days of old. For, as the range of guns increased, vessels instead of anchoring off the Waterport resorted to more secure berths towards the New Mole. Curiously enough, when, over thirty years later, it was decided to construct a large harbour and docks at Gibraltar a violent agitation was started by irresponsible M.P.'s and

amateur strategists to prove that, "owing to the increase in range of modern guns", these works would be "commanded" from the same hill and in addition from others west of the Bay. The natural corollary to this was the old one that the Rock was no longer of any strategic value. Happily, saner counsels prevailed and the harbour was completed whilst the docks are now nearing completion.

Captain Drinkwater gives precise information with regard to the armament of the fortress during the great siege. The heaviest pieces were 32-pounders, 10-inch howitzers, and 13-inch mortars. The 452 guns mounted could fire a salvo of 8,680 lbs. of shot, about the same weight of metal as can ten of our present 12-inch guns which fire an 850-lb. projectile, or twenty-four of the 9·2 guns which now stud the Rock.

Just one hundred years after the siege it fell to my lot to be quartered at Gibraltar. The battle of the guns was then in its infancy and over 900 pieces of ordnance were still mounted, all muzzle-loaders (save one battery of "Armstrong" guns above the Alameda) and consisting of all types, including a proportion of smooth-bores. At that time there were many visible signs of the days of storm and stress a century earlier, among these being the old "grates" for heating the red-hot shot which destroyed the Duc de Crillon's famous floating batteries. These weird contrivances were in appearance something between a baby's modern "pram" and a baker's small hand-cart and two were to be seen at the Ragged Staff guard. It is hardly necessary to add that of late years the armament has been thoroughly brought up to date and full advantage has been taken of the great "command" of the Rock, some 1,300 feet above the surrounding sea, to put into operation all the resources of civilisation for annihilating the enemy by land or on sea.

Captain Drinkwater was evidently a man of parts and, despite a wide knowledge of his profession as shown by his diaries, actually ventured to take an intelligent interest in such frivolous matters as geology and natural history. He gives an excellent account of the great limestone caverns in the heart of the Rock and how S. Michael's Cave was explored by a party "with the aid of ropes and torches" who at a depth of about 500 feet encountered "gross vapours" and were compelled to desist. Probably these vapours were caused by the torches, for a hundred years later, I descended to the bottom of the same cavern and reached pools of limpid fresh water, the air being delightfully fresh and cool. This was the famous cavern which according to the popular fable extended under the Straits and gave the "monkeys" found on the Rock a subterranean communication with Apes' Hill on the coast of Barbary. Nor does Drinkwater omit to note the eagles which soar above Gibraltar. He might be interested to know that the same species, in all probability lineal descendants of those observed by him, still nest in the same situation at "the back of the Rock", and long may they continue to do so. Despite such minor incursions into less serious subjects, Drinkwater in his delightful old book shows from time to time that he was not the less deeply imbued with the true military spirit of the day. We can picture to ourselves the agony of mind of the staff when, in consequence of the lack of flour and the proximate starvation of the women and children, the troops were ordered "to mount guard with hair unpowdered" which, we read, "evinced our Governor's great prudence and foresight". Also how those military pluralists, "officers unmarried and without families who drew rations for two commissions, were restricted to one"! Even at the supreme moment of the siege, when De Crillon's "invincible" floating batteries were about to deliver the grand attack, a minute attention to military detail was never omitted. We learn how upon an opportunity presenting itself for the effective employment of red-hot shot, such method was not resorted to until "the Lieutenant-Governor, Lieutenant-General Boyd, recommended by a letter to H.E. the Governor the use of red-hot shot". It should appeal to all true lovers of red tape to read how General Eliott upon receiving this urgent military appeal—of course through "the proper channel"—not only "acquiesced" therein, but "ordered Major Lewis, the Commandant of the Artillery, to wait

* "A History of the Siege of Gibraltar, 1779-1783, with a Description and Account of that Garrison from the Earliest Times." By John Drinkwater. New Edition. London: Murray. 1905. 2s. 6d. net.

on Lieutenant-General Boyd for his instructions and commands". We can only hope that the Spaniards, of whom Captain Drinkwater says that "their astonishing bravery could not fail to attract our particular notice and admiration", and who, in consequence of General Boyd's thoughtful letter to the Governor were burnt, blown-up, drowned, or buried alive by the employment of these same red-hot shot—"roast potatoes" our men styled them—not omitting their "grates", derived some small consolation from the fact that the whole affair was conducted in strict accordance with routine and military precedent.

If Gibraltar proved to be of such advantage to us in the old wars, steam and modern developments in ships' guns and in torpedo warfare have increased its value to us beyond all calculation. It is the first of the fortified coaling stations, upon which depend the very existence of our fleets in foreign waters, on the road to our great possessions in Asia and Africa. Modern ships of war depend upon good dry docks and vast workshops to keep them in effective fighting trim, whilst without well-protected enclosed anchorages they are at the mercy of torpedo attack. These and many other advantages they now obtain at Gibraltar. For example, in the heart of the Rock and safe from all hostile fire, vast magazines have been hewn to hold the reserves of ammunition so vital for warships, whilst great subterranean tanks afford means of storing an ample water-supply for the garrison and dockyard hands. The new harbour offers an absolutely ideal base for destroyers and torpedo craft at the entrance to the Mediterranean, and probably also for submarines, in the near future. Truly "Gibraltar commands the Straits" as it never did before. Lastly it is within easy communication with Poldhu in Cornwall, a thousand miles north, by means of wireless telegraphy. During the great siege, months elapsed without the garrison receiving news from the outside world.

WILLOUGHBY VERNER.

CONCERNING VERDI.

MR. ALBERT VISETTI'S little *Life of Verdi** has just sent me rummaging amongst dusty and long unlooked-at opera scores. The very odour of them carried me back to the 'seventies when I was but a tiny little boy; the flavour of many of the melodies took me into a far more remote antiquity, into a period I never knew when ladies wore crinolines and their hair in ringlets on their shoulders. One can easily imagine the atmosphere of that time to be laden with romance for many honest old folk and the tunes of Verdi's early operas to bring them sweet remembrances of the joys of a long vanished and irremediable past. The old gentlemen who grumble and growl because Covent Garden devotes night after night to Wagner are not and never were in the true sense of the word anti-Wagnerites; they are not opposed to Wagner especially but to any composer who usurps the place they think ought to be occupied by their favourites. They live in the past and want to have the past brought back to them with all possible vividness and intensity, and not the fragrance of a flower has finer potency in revivifying dead memories of things that have passed away and are gone than a simple melody associated with some moment of happiness or unhappiness in our lives. "This is truth the poet sings, that a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things." Is it indeed? I much doubt it, but I do not doubt that the fogies of Covent Garden and the Philharmonic concerts would strenuously deny it. Verdi, Donizetti, Mozart, Auber, Bellini, are all lumped together in their minds because in the sere and yellow leaf they fetch the scent of the roses of the dead spring and summer.

Here we have one reason, and a very good one, why Verdi's younger work has retained such a hold on a portion of the public. The mere recollections associated with his name explain why that portion of the public prefers his later operas to Wagner's earlier ones. Had Wagner been capable of writing such poor stuff

as "Falstaff" and "Otello", no one would have asked for them. But for us of the younger generation what is there of interest in Verdi young or Verdi old? One cannot say absolutely nothing, for there is something; but it is not much. One of its qualities, however, redeems many of its faults, its almost brutal sincerity of expression. Mr. Visetti makes the most of this. He shows with perfect clearness how Verdi, beginning as a humble Italian capellmeister, arrived at "Trovatore" and "Aïda", striving always, in spite of public opposition at greater and ever greater force of expression. That this striving accounts for the roughness and over-vehemence of much of his music may be freely admitted; but the fact does not remove the bad qualities from the music itself, as Mr. Visetti seems to have persuaded himself to think. His humble ambition at first simply to earn an honest livelihood by pleasing a coarse Italian audience certainly explains the vulgarity of his early music; it does not alter the fact that the vulgarity is there. Still, if the author champions the composer with considerable earnestness, he is no mere partisan. Indeed compared with some of Wagner's champions, who will admit no spots to be on their sun he is quite a milk-and-watery defender. He has an excellent case and says nothing to spoil it. There are only a very few pages which I would like to see excised—those on Verdi the man. The mass of disgusting anecdote that clings round the names of all the great composers is bad; and the Italians have fared worst. We get story after story which is as incredible as it is pointless; and I cannot see why Mr. Visetti should have given up to them some pages that might have with advantage been devoted to his valuable analysis and criticism. The pointless anecdote dodge of calling general attention to unimportant living Italian composers I can understand; it is the Italian press agent's business method; but Mr. Visetti is not dealing with a living composer and he is not a press agent. Did even an Italian priest fell a boy to earth and stun him on the altar steps for inattention? I more than doubt it; I believe it to be a pure fabrication of some press agent's brain; and, anyhow, there is no need to repeat it. This is all I have to say by way of adverse criticism. For the rest, the little book could not have been better planned nor better written. Without being noble English, it is clear and has a naïve charm of its own.

Verdi started, as I have said, as a purveyor for the vulgar market. A simple, naïve soul, with a keen eye to business, a bright but not profound intellect, an intense and incessant energy, a real love of and genuine devotion to the highest ideal of music he could conceive, he went into the battle of life when Italian music was at its lowest; and he determined, even as Wagner did, to make his way in the world by producing the finest music possible. He had not Wagner's brains; his ideal of great music was very different from Wagner's; he had not Wagner's sense of the tremendous and tragic in drama; unlike Wagner, he was not dissatisfied with the operatic forms of the day. He tried to please, and at first he succeeded. He was very particular about his librettos—though what he precisely sought for it is hard to imagine—but once he got one that satisfied him he put it to the most Italian of melodies his invention gave him. By the time he had succeeded his ideal had risen and his power of expression had grown; and when he next came before the public he almost totally failed. Then by one of those strokes of luck that happen to all the men of genius who become famous in their own lifetime he—or rather, his name—got associated with the revolutionary movement in Italy. We might know comparatively little of Wagner to-day but for the freak of a young mad king: Wagner might have died in obscurity like Bach; and Verdi might have struggled on vainly to the end had his name not begun, as Samuel Weller's didn't, with a V. That letter and an opera of his saved him. "Viva Verdi" was used as a battle-cry throughout the kingdom, and when the Austrian yoke was thrown off Verdi remained as one of the heroes of a triumphant movement in which he took scarcely any part. His interest in contemporary politics was so feeble that though he was made a senator he never took the trouble to attend

* "Verdi." By Albert Visetti. London: Bell, 1905. 1s.

a sitting of the House. His fortune, financial and artistic, was made; and that was all he cared for.

Those first operas of his, how weak and trashy they are! If one can scarcely believe that the man who wrote "The Ring" had previously written "Rienzi", what is one's feeling about the composer of "Aida" having written "Macbeth" and the rest of the ragged crew of his early time! But the change took place rapidly in Verdi's case as in the case of Wagner. True, Verdi never reached Wagner's height, because Verdi was not Wagner. But between Verdi's earliest and Verdi's "Traviata", "Trovatore" and "Rigoletto" there is a great gulf set. The trash gives way to sentimentality, the sentimentality to brutal noise, and then, last, in "Aida", the noise to sheer strength—too much strength often, it must be said, but still real strength, not bombast. In "Aida", I think, we find Verdi at his fullest and best: we find sensuousness, simplicity and native force: the local Egyptian colour is laid on, not like treacle over a cheap confectioner's cake, but delicately, so as to form a curious oriental atmosphere in which the various characters move with perfect distinctness. The libretto is not half so idiotic as that of many of Verdi's, and he makes the most of it. As for "Rigoletto", the less said about it the better. For many reasons it may remain for a long time a popular favourite, but though in dimensions and plan it is big it cannot be called a big work. As an opera-composer Verdi's fame must rest upon "Aida", his masterpiece.

I have so often discussed "Falstaff" and "Otello" in these columns that nothing remains to be said. The librettos of both are childish in an Italian way; fancy, for example, taking the "Merry Wives of Windsor" as the basis of any work in which we are to be shown Falstaff! The real Falstaff is to be found in the two "Henry IV." plays, not in the thing written to the order of Queen Bess. Moreover, Verdi's inspiration had died away, and though enthusiastic Mr. Visetti may enthuse to his heart's content I can see no freshness, sparkle, humour and the rest of it in his music. "Otello" is on a higher plane, but remains a tenth-rate work.

It was my intention to reserve space for the Requiem, but as some dozens of columns will be required for so important a work, I shall leave it over until next week or such time as a patient editor will grant me room to write fittingly about it.

JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

THE FRENCH LESSON UNDER THE EDWARDS.

UNDER the first two Edwards every English boy of good birth and fair education could speak French almost as fluently as his mother-tongue; and, till about the year 1350, the scholars at every English grammar-school were taught, when doing their Latin lesson before their schoolmaster, to translate their Ovid or their Vergil, not into English, but into French—much to the indignation of a sturdy English writer of that generation who complains that "gentlemen's children be i-taught to speke Frensche from the tyme that they be i-rokked in their cradle and are able to play with a child's brooch". This, proceeds our honest English patriot, "is against the usage and manere of all other nations—for a child to leave his own langage and for to construe his Latin and other thinges into Frensche". There were not wanting, however, men who argued that this system had at least the advantage of ensuring that a boy should, as it were, kill two birds with one stone, and learn to speak French while he learnt to read Latin. All our English kings of the fourteenth and early fifteenth century from their very infancy spoke Anglo-Norman French as fluently, if not so elegantly, as their native English; and their command over the former tongue is well illustrated by the story which contemporary writers tell of Henry IV.'s witty saying when his Norfolk seamen captured the Prince Royal of Scotland (afterwards James I. of Scotland) on his way to France for the purpose of learning French in Paris: "Why should the boy travel so far from home? I myself am a good French scholar and I will be his tutor."

The first lesson-book that has been preserved, devoted

to the special purpose of teaching English children to speak French, is a treatise composed about the year 1300 A.D. by a certain Walter de Biblesworth for the great English lady Dionisia de Mounchesney, a near kinswoman of the famous English noble, Henry de Lacy Earl of Lincoln. This curious work is written in rhymed French verse—much as, some forty years ago, many English children learned their first lessons in English history from "Ince and Gilbert's" doggerel rhymes. The author asserts that his object is "to give instruction in the French language (to children) from their very birth, so that they may learn it thoroughly along with (other points of) good breeding in their youth". He is very urgent that his pupils should learn their genders properly and not be guilty of such solecisms as to say "mon tête" or "ma chief". But, above all else, he insists that, in its early stages, French must be learnt by ear and word of mouth. So soon as ever the child is old enough to understand what is said to it, it must be taught the French for all the common objects around it, beginning with the parts of the body: hand, foot, arm, head, &c.:

Quand li enfant a tel age
Que il sait entendre langage
Primes en Français li devez dire
Comment son corps [il] doit décrire.

This was precisely the method recommended by the common-sense Scotch professor of Greek, Stuart Blackie, some thirty years ago, for learning the language of Plato and Thucydides. Let the teacher, he said, "clap a name" on half a dozen objects in the room, give his pupils a verb or two to help them along and then begin to talk with them straight away—enlarging their vocabulary of nouns and verbs every day as he continues his lessons. This was the method followed in the fourteenth century, for teaching French to all well-educated English boys; it is the natural method for teaching English boys the same language in the twentieth century. It is true that by such means boys may not at first secure a perfect accent and perhaps not an altogether perfect syntax. But they will have learnt the stroke at all events; later practice, in broader and deeper waters, will turn them into steady swimmers.

Walter de Biblesworth's rhymes are so arranged as to present fairly complete lists of all the ordinary objects that would enter into a child's out-of-door or indoor life; and occasionally in his attempt to cover all parts of so very wide a field completely, our author, as may be imagined, treads somewhat brusquely over very delicate ground—as for example when he is enumerating the internal organs of the human body or noting the many accidents incidental to extreme infancy. On such occasions, in order that there may be no possibility of mistaking what he is really driving at, he emphasises his meaning by writing its blunt Anglo-Saxon equivalent in smaller characters over each French word. Moreover, much as some thirty or forty years ago little English boys were taught to distinguish between the use of two (or more) English words having much the same pronunciation but different spelling or meaning, by writing out such delightful sentences as: "It is doubtful whether, if this weather continues, the farmer will be able to drive his fat wether to market"; so Walter de Biblesworth is most anxious that his little pupils should learn to distinguish between similar French words: as, for example, between "le lièvre", a hare, and "la lèvre", a lip: "livre", a book, and "livre", a pound. Only, of course, he jingles it all into rhyme:

"You have", so he gravely informs his childish audience, "the two words: la levere (a lippe) and le levere (an hare): of these the one levere (feminine) encloses the teeth; the other levere (masculine) lives in the wood. So too: one livre (=livre, a pound) is used in trading; while the other livre (=livre, a book) is used in holy church and teaches us our learning":

Vus avez la levere (a lippe) et le levere:—
La levere si enclost les dens;
Le levere en bois se tent dedens;
La livre sert en marchaundye;
Le livre sert en seynt eglise
Et le livre nous aprend clergie.

Ingenuous and naïve, however, as much of Walter de Biblessworth's little treatise is, it is very sound in its general principle; and it may very well have been out of its pages or along the lines he advocates that our English Edward III. and his heroic son, the Black Prince, conned their earliest French lessons. For Dionisia de Mounchesney, to whom the work is dedicated, was a not very distant kinswoman to both these princes. Be this, however, as it may, it is certain that on Walter de Biblessworth's principle, and often out of his book or some one or other of the fairly numerous prose treatises of a similar kind written during the next hundred years with a similar aim, hundreds and hundreds of little English boys gained, it may be a rough, but a thoroughly practical acquaintance with the French language—an acquaintance that would stand them in good stead during later years when, under the banner of our warrior kings and their great lieutenants, our Edward III. or our Henry V., our Derbys, our Chandoses, our Salisburys and our Talbots, they found themselves spending half their life on French soil; conquering and living as at Agincourt and Poitiers; or conquered and dying as at Beaugé and Châtillon.

ON THE SPUR.

PRINCES had smiled upon him. All London had admired the tall lithe figure dressed in white. Uncomprehended and uncomprehending, he had talked with ministers and statesmen, and had sat silent with restless eyes at theatres and at reviews, glancing with tacit approbation at the battalions of strong sun-burned men, and at the ranks of bare white shoulders in the boxes and the stalls. What he had thought, when he returned to the great stucco house in Bayswater, thronged all the day with Jews and rastaquouères and at night silent, and with some of the mystery of the East, redeeming even the commonness of mid-Victorian architecture, no man can tell.

No doubt, the two veiled women, who like bundles had accompanied him, asked questions as to the wonders of the mighty Londres, which roared day and night outside, but which they, bound in their haiks and the convention of their husbands' faith, had never seen but through their veils when peeping from a window, or through the blinds when driving in the town. But in the intervals of visiting our public institutions or our cotton mills, and as he listened to the promises of statesmen assuring him of England's interest in the welfare of Morocco, and of protection for himself, the tall young Arab Chief Menebhi no doubt thought anxiously of what was going on at Court in far Marakesh, where, as he knew, his rivals were at work. At last, word came that all was over, and that England which had lionised him for a whole month had got another idol, and with the cross of some Victorian order was waiting civilly to send him on to Germany, where the same flatteries and promises were ready at Berlin.

There without doubt he saw the pomp and state of German militarism, watched educated men turned to machines skirmish and countermarch, whilst all the time rumours arrived from home that his liege lord the Sultan was being warped against him by his foes. Days followed days, and still the weary round of ceremonies, which held him half impatient half attracted, succeeded one another, whilst telegrams and letters from his friends urged his return if he set store upon his life.

When, from the quay at Bremerhaven he stepped aboard the steamer, with his two wives well veiled, his suite and all the useless things, as snuff-boxes from which sprang singing birds, electric toys, repeating watches, and all the costly trash which Orientals buy in Europe, his heart must have rejoiced.

Our pomp and state and noise, our crowds and all the rushing to and fro of modern life, delights an Oriental for a time. He sees our trains and steamers, our telegraphs and telephones, and marvels at them, but in a little while they pall upon him, and his mind, not to be deceived with symptoms, goes at once to causes and sometimes actually, at others with a sort of instinct, he asks himself, are these men happier than we for all their miracles?

He knows a watch is useful, and prefers a gun that kills a mile away to one that carries but a hundred yards, and is quite ready to accept all our inventions, even to railways and to telegraphs, for they seem natural things and admirable in that they save exertion, but on the understood condition that he shall take and use them, but not change the essence of his life. So would a cave-dweller, and almost every savage, eagerly clutch a sword and throw away his club, if it were offered to him, but each would know, as does the Oriental, that for himself his way of life is best.

During the voyage the ex-ambassador must have paced anxiously enough about the deck, or squatted on a cushion looked out on the horizon as earnestly as did the sailor in the Pinta's shrouds, when the New World was known to be at hand. No doubt occasionally he asked the officers why, if the ship could steam her sixteen knots, she could not manage sixty, for with a miracle so great as was the art of navigation, surely all things were possible, and but a matter of more coal.

When the low coast line with the lonely sea without a sail appeared, and the brown walls of Mazagan, with its mosque towers, and its half-dozen palm trees came in sight, and as the boats came dancing through the surf, the tall white figure paced about the deck. To land, to meet some faithful friends, to greet the governor, all with an air of being still in favour, and as a man who, having stood before the kings of Europe, was anxious for an audience with his lord, must have been as the rack to him, but still he bore it quietly, speaking to all, with the attention due to each particular and individual man. Then as he ambled on his mule through the unpaved and dusty streets, a messenger from his own tribe walking beside his knee, as if to welcome him, gave him the news of his disgrace. He learned the Sultan, young and inexperienced, and left to flatterers, all of whom were eager to supplant the minister, too far away to speak a word in his defence, had turned away his face.

Horses, the tribesman said, were ready, and on the road a strong detachment was in waiting to ride with him to court and to protect him on the way. He made no sign, but rode impassively out to a saint's tomb, just beyond the walls, ostensibly to pray. Sending his secretary, a thin brown doctor of the law from Mecca, to get his wives and property ashore, he prayed with all the bowings and prostrations which his faith required, and which as in like cases in most creeds, have by degrees become more vital than the prayer.

His tribesmen waited silently until all due formalities which pass between an Arab and his God had been completed, and then when he had shuffled on his shoes and stood erect, poured out their news in the succession of quick snapping gutturals which makes a stranger think that they are on the point of murder, when but engaged in a quiet talk about the price of cows or barley at the sok.

Whilst absent in Berlin and London, it appeared that bit by bit, the confidence of the young Sultan had been undermined. Menebhi, so it seemed, had been accused of having borne himself more as a Sultan than an envoy; of having worn the hood of his burnous drawn forward covering his head when he had stood before the Christian kings, as if he were their equals, and the like. Such accusations, if they be vague enough, always impress an Oriental's mind, and in this case the poison had sunk in, and El Menebhi was advised that on his arrival at Marakesh he would be straight disgraced. Disgrace with Orientals usually carries loss of property, and not infrequently, of life. Some urged immediate flight to Europe, others that refuge should be taken with some consul in Tangier; some that he should remain encamped and send a messenger to argue out the case.

He, getting off his mule, called for green tea, drank the three semi-sacramental cups in silence, holding the silver ring which keeps the amber ball in place inside the cup, with his lean index finger, and then calling the head men of the deputation, said:

"I start at once for court; bring me a horse, one that can do the distance within thirty hours, and send a man on a swift-pacing mule to warn the tribe. Three hundred men of powder are to meet me at El Saghariz."

As he ceased speaking, the setting sun just falling on the yellow walls of Mazagan turned them to orange, then to rose-pink, and lastly to a violet tinge, which made the whitewashed houses look unnatural and ghastly, as the sea breeze sprang up and caused the leaves of palm trees to rattle on their trunks.

The call to prayers rang out, prolonged and quavering, and the grave storks upon the battlemented walls appeared to listen to it, turning their heads and chattering their beaks. At corners of the streets and in the open spaces in the negro village just outside the walls, dotted with castor-oil plants and with cactuses, those of the faithful who felt themselves impelled, engaged in prayer, rising and falling like automata.

Men led their horses down to water, letting them jump about and wallow in the sand like buffaloes, and at the wells the women filled their water-jars, whilst the sea breeze just rustled from the west.

As the last call rang out, repeated from the different towers and taken up in the straw hut which, in the negro village, serves as a mosque, and given back reverberating from the hot walls in one continuous peal as if the callers were determined to take Allah's ear by storm; wake him, if sleeping; or call him back, if on a journey; Menebhi mounted, settled his haik, raising himself erect in the short Arab stirrups, and leaning back against the cantle of his high red saddle, touched his horse sideways with the spur, and struck into the road. His friends and tribesmen, after a hurried blessing, swung themselves some upon their horses, others on their mules, and then the shadowy white figures melted into the night, their horses' footsteps muffled in the sand, making the line of horsemen look like their own ghosts. They pushed along, their bridles jingling, and their horses swerving now and then as a wild boar broke from the bushes with a grunt, through the thick scrub which for a league or two circles about the town. Then striking into a grey stony tract in which grows now and then a caroub tree, and now and then some patches of white broom, they reached a well just as the false dawn reddened the sky, and as the freshness of the night turned chilly, making them draw their haiks and their burnouses tighter and tie their handkerchiefs around their necks to stop their hoods from falling back in the cold air.

Just by a saint's tomb near the well where grow palmettoes, dwarfs of their species, twisted and gnarled, fantastic looking in the half light when moon is down and sun not risen, and stars above shine coldly through the night, they lighted down. Taking a carpet from a mule, they squatted silently upon it, whilst a black slave made tea, their horses standing with their girths loosened, and the blood dripping down from their flanks, where in the rapid march the edges of the stirrups and the spurs had made their mark. They yawned, their eyes disappearing almost in their heads, rested a leg, and laying back one ear pricked the other forward, listening to every noise, neighing occasionally, and now and then rising and striking at each other with their feet. The mules dozed quietly, their huge red saddles making them look like hobby-horses in a pantomime. Drinking his tea, which he did noisily as a duck eats a weed beneath the water of a pond, a sign of breeding amongst Arabs and the Moors, Menebhi sat, his shoes kicked off, pale and fatigued, for during the past months he had not ridden, but yet resolute.

"How are the beasts", he said, "Si Hamed? I want to reach the tomb of Sidi ibn Nor at daybreak, for if we do, and meet the tribesmen with fresh beasts, we can arrive in Marrakesha at the evening call."

Si Hamed rose, a lean brown Arab, tall and taciturn. Shuffling along in horseman's boots and long straight spurs, such as those worn by knights of old, he scanned the animals. Some he pulled by the tails to see if they resisted, for if they stood as firm as trees it is a sign that they are strong. Others he patted, dragging down their eyelids to see if they were red; for when a horse upon the road begins to flag, his eyelid and the flesh about the eye grows paler, as the heart weakening in its action pumps less blood into the veins. He took the mules' long ears and tweaked them, watching most carefully if it took long for them to go back to

their pose, and these formalities gone through without a word, he silently came back, seated himself upon the carpet's edge, and in a guttural voice ejaculated "Good". The false dawn waning gave place to dark and heavy clouds, obscuring all the heavens, and rendering the roads almost impossible to travel but at a walk, stumbling in the deep ruts left by the feet of countless travellers for generations past. Then by degrees the first grey light of day appeared, the dark black clouds rolled past, and on the trees and shrubs great drops of moisture hung, wetting the long blue Arab cloaks as they brushed swiftly through the bushes on their way. The stars were setting, and the road lay white before them as they struck into the plain, which, like a sea, stretches from just outside the bushy country of the coast, right to the foot of the low hills, which lie between it and the stony steppe, on which Marákesh, girt with its palm trees, stands as in a sea.

As the first rays of sun fell on the company they felt the exultation which buoys up a man who has been riding all the night, and finds himself untired, his horse still fresh, and all the terrors of the darkness blotted out. They shifted in their saddles, rising erect, then settling themselves again pushed on in groups of threes and fours, talking and looking out across the plain.

In half an hour the round white saints' tombs of the Sok Thelatta ibn Nor appeared like mushrooms, and every eye was strained to see whether the tribesmen had arrived. As they rode on, a cloud of dust just rising to the west showed their arrival, and soon the sun shone on the slender single-barrelled guns that Arabs use, holding them upright in their hands, after the way their ancestors held spears.

Out of the dust the tribesmen charged, firing their guns and whirling round like seagulls on the wing. Then pulling up, their horses snorting and passing, they passed at once from wild excitement to the grave silent attitude which Arabs all affect, just as day changes into night within the tropics, without the twilight intervening to give semitones.

Quickly Menebhi and his band changed horses, and in haste swallowed some food, and then he gave directions to his friends.

"Follow us," he said, "about a rifle-shot behind, and send at once back to the tribe for reinforcements; tell them to hold the bridge across the Tensift at Marákesh when I have crossed it, and have gone into the town".

Once more they took their way across the plain, now heated almost to a furnace by the sun. With faces covered up by veils and handkerchiefs, they looked like maskers in a play, and as they went the lizards darted through the heated stones, snakes basked, and now and then mysterious pools appeared, which, as the horsemen neared them, took themselves away and reappeared, mocking them in their thirst, they seemed so real, just as our life seems real until death comes in and cheats us, ere we can slake our thirst upon the road.

Hours passed, and still the horses jogged trying to keep up with the mules' swift swimming walk, the heat increased and every stone reflected it, so that it struck both from above and from below and seemed to burn into the bones. The horses sweated and then dried again, the particles of salt glistening upon their skins, and still they pushed along, a cloud of dust blown by the following wind, enveloping and hiding them from sight. At last about the noonday call to prayers, the trees and gardens of the saints' tombs at the oasis of the saint Rahál appeared on the horizon, as it seemed. But the deceiving mirage this time was a friend, for in an hour they reached them, and dismounting, breathed their horses, halting for half an hour beneath some orange trees.

In front the plain stretched on to Zagheriz, which they reached, now fatigued, at three o'clock. Leaving the weaker animals, they set their heads towards the hills of El Gibila, knowing that, if they reached them with an hour or two of light, that there were hopes of getting into town before the gates were closed. Changing his horse for a swift pacing mule, Menebhi led the way, dashing along the stony pass, spurring and pulling at his bit, after the Arab style when they ride mules, which answer better to the bit than even to the spur. Right at the summit of the pass, Marákesh burst on

them, the Kutubieh like a lighthouse of Islâm, springing sheer from the plain like a tall palm tree of brown stone. They raised a shout, knowing that they were well ahead of news, and, without looking at the palm wood or the swift green-grey river running on the stones, dashed down the road to join the level plain. They passed the little saint's house on the hill, and as the sun was sinking, leaving but one short hour of light, reached the long bridge which spans the Tensift and then called a halt. The men arrived in groups, their horses panting and gasping, and Menebhi said,

"Hold me the bridge until more men come from the tribe. Let ten men follow me, and in ten minutes ten more men, and in an interval another lot of ten. When I go in beneath the gate, let a man ride three or four hundred paces back and call a halt, and so on with all the other bands of ten. Be ready, keeping your horses bitted, and if at dawn you do not see me coming through the gate attack the town and seize some notables to serve as hostages".

Settling his clothes and haik, he rode into the palm woods which seethe about Marâkesh like a flood. He rode through palms and still more palms, whose trunks, touched by the setting sun, glowed red, and then entering the zone of gardens, paced along between high aloe hedges or brown tâpia walls. Crossing the wide maidân, which serves as horse market, he entered by the lofty horseshoe gate, the guards not seeing in the dusty, road-stained horsemen, muffled to the eyes as is the fashion in the land, the powerful minister and his familiar friends. Passing the gate, their horses slipping on the stones, they rode through crowded streets, and open spaces where the jugglers and the story-tellers gather crowds, right to the palace walls. Dismounting, with a sign he gave his horse to one of his attendants and saying to the captain of the guard, "The Sultan sent for me and I am here", walked to the courtyard where he knew his master would be found.

As he passed through the various yards and ante-rooms, from the high Kutubieh tower the call to prayer rang out, booming and echoing, and taken up from every minaret. He shivered, knowing his danger, and recognising that the conflict was at hand.

Crossing the last of all the court-yards he came to where the guards keep watch, just where the Sultan sits. The soldiers knew him and respectfully made way, no news of his disgrace having reached them, and as he gave them peace, his rival dressed in white, and with his face shining with joy, as does the face of him who has found favour with his lord, stood in the gateway. Just for an instant, in the pale dust-stained man, he did not know his foe. But as he would have spoken and have barred the way, the other, throwing back his hood, looked him between the eyes, and said, "Our Lord expects me", and as he spoke he passed into the court. The soldiers closed the gate, and the once joyous and successful rival sank, a white heap of rags, upon a bench.

All night he sat, waiting his fate, and as the morning sun just kissed the mosque towers, flushing them rose-pink, the gateway opened and El-Menebhi, pale with fatigue and dust, but with his eyes alight with victory after the night's debate with his liege lord, appeared before him, as he sat upon the ground. He rose, saluted and stood silent, and the successful rider, throwing his haik across his shoulder, and beckoning for his horse, looked at him stonily and muttered "Dog".

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LORD CURZON AND THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Most people in this country who have been, or still are connected with India, as well as Europeans and educated natives in the great dependency, will share the opinion expressed in your issue of the 25th inst., that "it is not seemly or fitting that an ex-Governor-General of India should mingle in the hurly burly of the popular assembly". You proceeded to say that "high office has its obligations, and there is

no precedent for an ex-Viceroy sitting in the House of Commons". There is, however, a precedent for an ex-Governor-General doing so, for Lord William Bentinck, the last "Governor-General of Bengal" and the first "Governor-General of India", who resigned office in 1835, was elected member of Parliament for Glasgow in 1837, and retained the seat until a few days before his death in 1839.

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,
C. L.

GERMANY AND THE PEACE OF EUROPE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Eisenach, 13 November, 1905.

SIR,—For years past the SATURDAY REVIEW, to the best of my knowledge, has been the only prominent English periodical which, amidst the din and dust of an impassioned crowd of Teutophobes, has never once allowed the calm of its attitude to be perturbed in the consideration of German affairs. Where you had fault to find your criticism was marked by fairness, often by generosity, and it was invariably inspired by good faith and anxiety for historical truth. Doubtless you think this line best calculated to serve both the interests of your country and the dignity of English journalism; hence it is in the first place for patriotic and refined Englishmen to acknowledge your efforts to keep the discussion of Anglo-German relations within the bounds of journalistic decorum. However, also a German may, I hope, be permitted to say that your unswerving goodwill for his country has been most gratefully noticed on this side, where the growing estrangement between our two nations is deplored by all thinking men.

Having said this much, may I venture to offer a respectful remonstrance in respect of a somewhat important passage in your synopsis of the "November Reviews"? Your reviewer there says: "Mr. Blind as a German long resident in England will not carry as much weight as Mr. Spender, particularly when he says that 'Germany has preserved the peace in Europe for more than thirty years', and that 'to uphold peaceful relations with France has been the constant aim of the German nation and Government'." Sir Rowland Blennerhassett would retort with effect "Remember 1875". We need not forget facts, though we deprecate the jealousy and misunderstandings which tend to keep Great Britain and Germany apart.

Now, Sir Rowland Blennerhassett, of course! would retort "Remember 1875". But I deny that he could do so "with effect", at least with the well-informed. You "need not forget facts" certainly; but your reviewer forgets the fact that the story of 1875 has been refuted over and over again! Not that I blame the gentleman for it. That story is part of the stock-in-trade of the professional Teutophobes and nothing on earth will induce them to give up repeating it in season and out of it, so that it is well nigh impossible for an Englishman to keep his mind uninvaded by this fiction.

As a German, I must not expect to "carry quite as much weight as" an Englishman in this matter; but as luck will have it, I have before me a letter to the "Frankfurter Zeitung" just to hand, where Mr. Sidney Whitman says on this very subject:—"As a matter of fact the legend is formed that England last summer protected France from a German surprise attack. The German public has to make the best of it, the same as with the Franco-Russian myth of the Protector part of Gortchakoff in the year 1875. Readily as our time forgets even important events of yesterday, malevolent traditions have a tenacious life, if they may subserve ulterior political objects."

In my opinion a real service would be done to the cause of truth and peace if Mr. Sidney Whitman were to set forth in the SATURDAY REVIEW his knowledge of the origin of "the Franco-Russian myth" of 1875.

Believe me, dear Sir, yours faithfully,
C. WICHMANN.

[We should be very glad if we were able to accept our correspondent's view as to the events of 1875. Germany noted anxiously the rapidity with which France was recovering from the effects of the war; the military party was keen to find a pretext for striking a

further blow which would reduce France to helplessness for generations; Bismarck, though he did not and could not appear in the matter, took effectual steps to secure the intervention both of Russia and Great Britain, and the plot was defeated at its inception. To deny the truth of the story is not to refute it.—
ED. S.R.]

THE UNITED STATES AND THE PRESS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, S.W., 14 November, 1905.

SIR,—Observing the faith reposed in press reports from America, I realise that the United States is seen by Europeans through a sort of fog such as sometimes obscures London. Judging the nation by these evil reports, even if they were a true reflection of the facts, would be a mistake, even as it would be an error to suppose our railroads are always running trains into the ditch because that is continually being recounted in the papers. The exposures now being made in America are an encouraging aspect of our life. Rightly understood it is proof of an awakening, and is part of what seems to be a world-wide movement—a protest against evil conditions heretofore retreated from or surrendered to.

In Russia this protest is for freedom of the press, of association and representation in a national parliament. In China it is for an army and a congress so as to meet Europe on her own field of action. In Hungary it is to recover the perfect national body and constitutional government on the English plan as guaranteed when the Hapsburgs were called to the throne.

In America it is to take from unworthy men the reins of government, and to run the national machine in the interests of the nation instead of in the interest of the politicians and their big supporters.

In France it is to divorce Church and State, so that hereafter whatever comes in the name of God must be able to stand human competition. This is all good, and is all part of one universal movement to make progress forward and upward.

The Rebellion in the United States has overturned municipal government in New York, Philadelphia, S. Louis, Minneapolis, &c. And now it has begun to rend the Republican party. For years Democrats have demanded abolition of discriminations by railroads in favour of the few, and by the Government, through tariffs, in favour of the great individuals and corporations. Now a President elected by these favoured ones has turned demi-Democrat, by declaring war on the favours parcelled out privately among those whom the Government protects publicly.

How can men be disturbed by the idea of giving each other a few preferences, when for forty years the Government has been run on the idea that they should be specially protected?

Roosevelt has demanded that the outhouses of preference be torn down. Then he will be face to face with the imposing mansions built of the same material. And that will be work for a political Napoleon with an army of tremendous power.

But that is what American statesmen are preparing for. And in doing this cleaning of the Augean stables the special value of the American Government comes to light. It is specially constructed for correcting errors. All its machinery is built so that it responds to any awakened sentiment among the people. In a Government so constituted, what is needed is an improved people. Our actual operation of government is probably inferior to that of Great Britain, but we will rid ourselves of the wrongs we now submit to sooner than Great Britain will. Because with us all doors are double-hinged—they open both ways—to let into places of power whoever demonstrates special capacity, to let out those who have been weighed and found wanting. This very freedom of thought and of aspiration has developed a consciousness of individual power, never before equalled, and this power has not yet learned to govern itself justly. Our problem now is to take care of this power, which our problem before was to create.

And our friends in Europe must not take a gloomy view of our affairs. All the forces that were ever in operation among men, are working now in America, in

the world indeed, on a scale and with an intensity unprecedented in history. The outcome is sure. Right will raise herself to be ruler. The ages have not brought us to this day to demonstrate that good is impotent. When the scene of conflict is the whole world, and the final struggle is on, are we to witness the final mastery of good by evil? Never believe it, and watch America for amazing developments. It is essential however to look deeper than the paper magnification of superficial indications. The great principle which is in operation must be found and its power computed.

I am, yours truly,
HAYNE DAVIS.

"A CHANNEL FERRY."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

2 Temple Gardens, E.C.

SIR,—Referring to your article on the subject of a Channel ferry, presumably when the ferry is in operation through trains will be arranged between England and all parts of the Continent—except Spain and Russia which are out of the question owing to the difference of gauge.

That being so, is it intended that an English passenger making a journey of 1,000 miles or more shall go through in a carriage of the undersized, uncomfortable, English pattern; or are the English tunnels and bridges to be rebuilt in order to accommodate Continental rolling-stock?

If the first alternative is preferred it seems to me that the last state of the traveller will be worse than the first: if the latter, where is the money to come from?

This matter of rolling-stock differentiates the proposed Channel ferry from the American ferries alluded to in your article, and I do not remember ever seeing it dealt with by promoters of either tunnels, ferries, or bridges, to connect Great Britain with other lands.

Yours faithfully, W. B. THOMPSON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Broadfield, Boston, 28 Nov., 1905.

SIR,—I was much interested in your article on the Channel Ferry, but is there not a difference between the English and French railway gauge, and if so how are you going to get trains through from London to Paris and the Continental railway systems beyond? I imagine that the cost of laying an extra rail of uniform gauge, even on the English and French main lines, would be so great as to be almost prohibitive.

Yours truly, W. M. COOPER.

[Our correspondents' objection has been anticipated. The International Sleeping Car Company has already designed a train for service on the Channel Ferry. This train is built to comply with the British Railway Specifications, that is to say, the profile of the cars is such as to allow of their passage through all English tunnels and bridges, and to fit the cars to British station platforms. The train is identical in all respects with the trains de luxe of the International Sleeping Car Company which are in constant use on the Continent. The difference in profile between the British and Continental railway specifications is so slight as to be unnoticeable by passengers. Special rolling-stock has been built by an independent rolling-stock company, in France, for the conveyance of perishable goods. These waggons are built to fulfil all the conditions of the British Railway Specifications, of the Conventions de Berne, and of the Special French Specifications (tarifs spéciaux communs G. V. 121 et P. V. 129). One of these waggons performed a journey from Perpignan to London at the end of August last. The car travelled via Paris, Dieppe and Newhaven, to the goods dépôt of the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway at Willow Walk. Upon arrival at Dieppe, it was lifted bodily, with its wheels, on to one of the railway company's steamers, was unshipped by means of cranes at Newhaven, and again placed upon the rails, on which it ran on its own wheels to Willow Walk Station, arriving there at about eight o'clock in the morning of 1 September.—ED. S.R.]

REVIEWS.

SOUTH AFRICAN STATESMANSHIP.

"Transvaal Problems: Some Notes on Current Politics."

By Lionel Phillips. London: Murray. 1905. 15s. net.

BOOKS on South African politics are apt to be marred by the defect that they are written from the metropolitan or the colonial point of view, by Englishmen who know very little of South Africa, or by South Africans who know very little of England. Such books are never impartial, and seldom accurate or informative. Mr. Lionel Phillips enjoys the advantage of knowing both South Africa and England, for he has taken a prominent part in the commercial, social and political life of the colony and of the mother-country. A man, who twenty years ago stood by the cradle of the De Beers mine; who ten years later was thrown into prison by Kruger as a reform leader; and who since that date has been living in England as a "Kaffir magnate", is surely qualified, if anybody is, to write impartially and authoritatively about South African problems. Accordingly, we have before us the best book on South Africa that has yet appeared—we had almost said the only good book, for it is indeed the work of a South African statesman. There is to be found in these pages a judicial breadth of vision combined with a fearless enunciation of policy, which is very impressive. The book is a mine of information, for no statement is made which is not immediately warranted by ample and unimpeachable evidence. As for the men of South Africa, Mr. Lionel Phillips knows the colonial Briton, the slim Boer, and the Kaffir boy, as he knows the palm of his hand. Some people do not want to know the facts about South Africa: but those who do should get and read "Transvaal Problems".

The first part of the book is devoted to the gold-mining industry. What relation the gold mines bear to the other industries of the Transvaal may be judged from the following figures: the total exports for 1904 were valued at £17,770,988, of which gold stood for, in round numbers, £16,540,000 and diamonds for £901,745; the total value of the wool, hides, and other produce being no more than £814,434. To prove that Chinese labour is indispensable is, at this time of day, travelling over rather beaten ground. But as the agitation against Chinese labour continues unabated in this country, we may be permitted to ask, in all seriousness, what is the policy of the party which attacks it? Are the Liberals really fighting the cause of the Bantu against the Mongol? Is their contention that the Chinaman has supplanted the Kaffir, and should be deported to make way for him? If so, let the Liberals say so, and we hazard the prediction that when the British artisan understands that it is merely a question of brown versus yellow, and that he is asked to go to the poll to vote for brown, his enthusiasm will subside, and his indignation will cool. Or is it a question of replacing all coloured unskilled labour in the mines, irrespective of race, by white men? That we believe to be the policy of the Radical Labour party in this country, and from their point of view it is a logical and consistent demand, to which the only objection is that it is impossible, as the following figures prove. In 1904 the mines produced gold worth £15,496,798, at a cost of £9,824,133, leaving a gross profit of £5,672,665, out of which the amount paid in dividends was £3,877,623. The wages bill came to £5,995,135, being 61.004 per cent. of the total cost of production, of which £3,832,332 or 63.779 per cent. were paid to 12,957 white men and £2,170,803, or 36.221 per cent. were paid to 70,082 Kaffirs and Chinese. The cost of food and compound expenses, as well as the cost of securing Kaffirs and Chinese, and of repatriating the latter, bring the total cost of coloured labour per man up to £46 7s. 6d. as against £295 per white man. "Assuming a substitution of white for black labourers, and allowing a wage of 10s. per day for 300 working days, the cost would amount to £10,512,300 against a total cost of £3,333,073 for Kaffirs and Chinese" (p. 60). If the cost of labour were trebled the gross profit of £5,672,665 would be converted into a loss. This calculation is based on the

figures of 1904. But in 1905 the number of coloured labourers was nearly doubled, being 95,309 Kaffirs and 41,340 Chinese. We do not know yet what the increase of the output will be: but judging from the first six months it has not anything like doubled, which of course makes the labour bill a still larger factor in the cost. The result therefore of substituting white labour for black would be the shutting down of the mines, the consequent revolt and loss of the Transvaal colony, and the almost certain rising of the unemployed blacks. Is this the policy of the Liberal party? Curiously enough, the only part of Mr. Phillips' book which does not carry conviction to our minds is that in which he estimates the vast potentiality of wealth still to be extracted from the mines. It may seem presumptuous to question the opinion of one who has proved himself so successful an expert in the valuation of mining properties: but we have heard too many expert witnesses to attach a superstitious value to their evidence. To us it seems that the value of South African mines as measured by profits has reached high-water mark. It may well be, as Mr. Lionel Phillips tells us, that in five years time the output will have risen from £15,000,000 in 1904 to £29,000,000 in 1909. But if the amount paid in wages and the capital sunk in plant is also doubled, the rate of profit is the same, and the prices of such shares as Rand Mines, East Rands, and Consolidated Goldfields far too high. We may also point out that though the number of coloured labourers in 1905 is very nearly double that of 1904, the production is nowhere in the neighbourhood of £30,000,000. However these are speculations which are more suited to our City article.

Passing from the industrial to the political side of the Transvaal, Mr. Phillips tackles with characteristic courage what is perhaps the gravest of all the problems which the South African statesman has to face, the political status of the native and the half-caste. The gravity of this question is by no means appreciated in England, because a good many years have elapsed since the Zulu war, and even the conquest of the Matabele, a comparatively easy job, is growing faint in the memory. To bring it home to our readers, let us inform them that according to the table on p. 127 the coloured population of our South African possessions, including aboriginals, half-castes, and Asiatics, outnumbered the white population by 5 to 1, there being 1,135,016 Europeans, 4,652,662 aboriginals, 434,000 coloured, and 110,884 Asiatics. In the United States of America, where the ratio is reversed and the whites are to the coloured as 6 to 1, the question of the coloured vote is regarded as so grave that physical force is resorted to occasionally as a protection. Are the natives in South Africa to have votes? The South African Native Affairs Commission recommends that "the word native shall be taken to mean the aboriginal inhabitants of Africa south of the equator, and to include half-castes and their descendants by natives", a definition which, as Mr. Phillips says, it seems difficult to improve upon. Personally we should be against giving natives any votes at all: but we suppose that is a counsel of perfection. Two principles seem to us to stand out clear in the confusion of this very delicate question: first, that no black or coloured man should be capable of being elected to the legislature; second, that no black or coloured voters should be allowed to mingle with white constituencies. If the natives are allowed to vote, they must do so in special and separate constituencies, and for white candidates. The question of dealing with coloured men, when they get to be quadroons and octroons, must be left to South African statesmen: it is too difficult for Europeans.

Since the announcement by the Imperial Government of its intention to grant a limited form of representative government to the Transvaal, three political parties have rapidly organised themselves, the Progressives, the Responsible Government party, and the Het Volk or Boer party. The Constitution which has been granted to the Transvaal is the familiar compromise between the benevolent despotism of pure Crown Colony government, such as obtains in India, and the complete autonomy which has been given to the Dominion of Canada and the Commonwealth of Australia. We are acquainted with the working of limited

representative government in our West Indian colonies. It consists of an executive of officials working with a legislature composed partly of elected members and partly of members nominated by the Sovereign's representative. This form of government has been granted to the Transvaal avowedly as a stop-gap; or rather as a preparation for full responsible government in the future on the principle that a child must walk before it runs. It might have been wiser to continue the pure Crown Colony despotism for a few years, until the animosities of the war had subsided, and then have granted responsible government; for there is no doubt that the presumption of political childhood, on which the limited constitution is founded, is peculiarly galling to the touchy and conceited colonial politician. Mr. Lionel Phillips, it is hardly necessary to say, does not belong to this category, and he agrees with the Progressive party in approving of the compromise, as an instalment of autonomy. Mr. Lionel Phillips has seen too many of the mature statesmen of the great world to be under any illusions as to the qualifications of the Africander leaders "to guide the chariot of the sun". Sir George Farrar is at present the leader of the Progressives, and it is, we believe, admitted by competent and impartial judges that he is the ablest man that has yet stepped into the arena. The Progressive party labours under the imputation that it is the tool of the millionaires, the instrument of one or two firms, which is no doubt true, but can do it little or no harm just now: later on when the constitution becomes really democratic, it may be the cause of its undoing. The Responsible Government party represents the quintessence of colonialism, and gathers in the roaring young lions of Johannesburg, who regard the Milners the Selbornes and the Lytteltons with thinly-veiled contempt, and who fret loudly under the light collar of the Imperial veto. Not a shadow of a shade of doubt as to their political experience and ability to rule a large portion of the British Empire ever flits across the minds of the Responsibles. To judge by the speeches of Mr. E. P. Solomon, their titular leader, it is a mere impertinence on the part of any Briton, be he Cabinet Minister or only a member of Parliament, to express any opinion on South African politics. It never seems to occur to Mr. Solomon and his friends that they owe their present position to an expenditure of some £250,000,000 by these same meddling and ignorant Britons, who see a very poor chance of getting any of it back from Messrs. Solomon and Co.

It is certainly not to the uncontrolled wisdom and moderation of men, who have obviously ventured beyond their depth, that so extremely delicate and dangerous a task as the government of the Transvaal can be trusted. The Responsible Government party which represents what may be called the "Colonial Forwards" would not be dangerous if it had not patched up an alliance with the most sinister factor in Transvaal politics, the Boer party, or Het Volk. We commend the courage and candour with which Mr. Lionel Phillips deprecates the too prevalent practice of trucking to what is called Boer sentiment, or, as Lord Milner put it, of being "too fussy" as to what the Boers may think or say about the action of the Government. Whatever the Boers may become by the efflux of time, it is quite clear from their actions and speeches that they are not at present loyal to the British connexion, that they do not admit that they have been conquered—for do they not talk of the "peace of Vereeniging"?—and that they nurse the ambition of recovering by political agitation the country which they have lost in the field. It is impossible not to admire the tenacity which refuses to recognise defeat: but what are we to say of the Britons, the Colonial Britons, who play the game of the Boers? Insulated the Boer party is comparatively harmless: but allied with a British party it may prevent the settlement of South Africa. In "Transvaal Problems" we get a chart of the rocks and shallows through which a South African statesman will have to steer his vessel, and the task will demand nerve and knowledge. We do not know whether Mr. Lionel Phillips intends to take any part in South African politics. If he acts as clearly, as courageously, and as temperately, as he writes, he should render good service to the Empire.

IN THE STEPS OF AN ADVENTRESS.

"Mrs. Fitzherbert and George IV." By W. H. Wilkins. 2 vols. London: Longmans. 1905. 38s.

BY the gracious permission of the King" Mr. W. H. Wilkins was "at last" to solve "the mystery of the Fitzherbert papers". Unfortunately the obvious inference, that a permission graciously granted to Mr. Wilkins cannot have been very hard to get, is more than borne out by his book. There was no mystery to solve. Mr. Langdale said the last word about the adventures of the notorious Mrs. Fitzherbert fifty years ago and the "jealously guarded papers" throw no fresh light upon history. They consist of a mortgage, described as "purely a legal document and not necessary to be quoted here"; a "marriage certificate", from which the witnesses' names have been excised; one of the Prince's letters, from which but one sentence is quoted; an incoherent will, penned by the Prince when suffering from "one of his sudden and mysterious attacks of illness"; and a begging letter from a clergyman with a memorandum by Mrs. Fitzherbert asserting that he married her to the Prince. Mr. Wilkins has also circularised the nobility and gentry for further papers concerning his heroine, with the result that he has a grand show of aristocratic names to parade in his preface, and nothing more.

Hitherto Mr. Wilkins has sought to catch the public with a more or less scandalous chronicle of the lives of second-rate queens. This time he has descended from queens to a concubine. Failing a queen de jure or even de facto, he now murmurs of a "queen of hearts", a very much cheaper article. On and on, in hopeless dullness, through near 700 pages, he protests that Mrs. Fitzherbert was the wife of George IV. He admits perforce that her marriage was not, could not have been legal, and that no one thought it more thanmorganatic. True, he labours the argument that it was canonically sound, but his pleas are somewhat discounted by his evident ignorance of ecclesiastical lore: for him the difference between Catholic and Roman Catholic is "a confusion of language"; again, he alludes to Burke* as "half a Roman Catholic", whatever that may mean. In any case, an illegal form of marriage is hardly a convincing claim upon the admiration or the veneration of posterity. "Her memory was cherished", we are told, "as that of a noble and true-hearted woman".

We are weary of Mr. Wilkins' maudlin appeals ad misericordiam. So we will take his very raw material and give our readers some idea of the real Mrs. Fitzherbert. After losing two husbands at an early age, she contrived to attract the attention of the Prince of Wales, perhaps at the opera. "He had her followed home", but she was clever enough to resist "the flattering assiduities of the most accomplished Prince of his age". Constitutionally hysterical and accustomed to the gratification of every whim, he became "almost beside himself with the extravagance of his passion". "Either half-mad or half-drunk", he gashed himself; Mrs. Fitzherbert, hastily summoned, found him covered with blood. She was so deeply overcome that she "permitted him to put a ring round her finger", but not so deeply overcome as to credit such a mock marriage. So he "testified to the sincerity and violence of his passion by rolling on the floor, striking his forehead, tearing his hair, falling into hystericks", and, the lady remaining firm, actually went through a form of marriage with her. To satisfy his creditors he presently married the unfortunate Caroline of Brunswick, and Mrs. Fitzherbert was put away for a short time. Then she contrived to make him beg abjectly before she would consent to take him back. She shared his orgies at the Pavilion and, we are told, led the merry life of a cricket, though sometimes she had to hide under a sofa, when the drunken Prince would wave a drawn sword and drag her out trembling. According to the "Jerningham Letters", she was "usually at cards". Sometimes she was at her wit's end for money and once she narrowly escaped the sponging-house. But on the whole she was able to con-

* Edmund Burke (1729-1797), orator and politician"—footnote by Mr. Wilkins.

gratulate herself on her empire over the first blackguard in Europe; so great was her shameful power that the Princess of Wales and her daughter frequently appealed for Egeria's intercession with the Prince; she was received everywhere at Brighton almost as a queen; and at the close of her long life, during which she had denied herself nothing, she was able to leave a fortune behind her. If "she gave herself to the Prince without any settlements or money stipulations whatever, and trusted wholly to his honour", it was because she knew her man rather than for the delicate sentiment with which Mr. Wilkins is pleased to endow her. When at last George grew tired of her she was handsomely pensioned off with a mortgage on the Pavilion. This document she cherished very jealously, and it formed one of the wonderful "Fitzherbert papers" at Coutts' Bank, yet she calmly told the Duke of Wellington that "she had not even a scrap of paper, for that she had never in her life been an interested person". At the same time she exhibited a sort of amiable stupidity which helped to brighten her eye to the main chance: "she had a habit of looking blank and smiling when questioned and of affecting ignorance", thus deceiving many. For the rest, she was of a petty nature, hypochondriacal, hysteric, secretive, ostentatious, arrogant, dictatorial, often vulgar, always vain. Her vanity was perhaps her most salient characteristic. She was for ever squabbling and pushing for a precedence to which she had no kind of right. She considered it an insult to be asked to take her supper with "the general company". "When she dines out", says Croker, "she expects to be led out to dinner before peeresses—mighty foolish all this!" She refused to visit William IV. before he had first waited upon her. This King, she says in one of her letters, "sent to me to go to him, but it so happened that I had neither carriages nor horses. Lord Albemarle was ordered to send one of his Majesty's carriages, and of course I went". On the whole we consider that she fared far beyond her deserts. Her marriage might easily have disturbed the succession; it was a resounding scandal for a whole generation; and Mr. Wilkins only irritates with his drivel about the price of her "suffering and tears", and such hackneyed claptrap as: "she forgave all, perhaps because she understood all; she remembered only that he had been her husband and she had loved him".

Judging by the specimens of her correspondence, she must have bordered on the illiterate. Perhaps this is the secret of her attraction for her biographer. His style is certainly in keeping with hers. He writes "under the circumstances", "averse to"; he indulges in all the blunders of a tyro; he splits his infinitives; his tenses are shaky. The following gems may be quoted as characteristic: "the Rev. Johnes Knight, Rector of Welwyn in Hertfordshire, and who also . . . held a city living"; "none should grudge him the quiet hours he spent under the roof of the woman he loved, and who believed herself bound to him by the holiest ties." If Mr. Wilkins understood French, we would ask him with Molière: "Veux-tu toute ta vie offenser la grammaire?" But, if we may judge from one obtruded phrase—*petits amours*, to wit—he is equally to seek in both languages. He cannot even spell *Plombières* correctly. The easy art of quotation from hackneyed sources is also beyond him. We find "youth on the prow"; "any impediment why these two should 'not be coupled together in matrimony'"; and "knowing of any impediment". Where he has provided facsimiles of documents, we remark that he has transcribed them incorrectly. Thus Mrs. Fitzherbert wrote, "The constant state of anxiety . . . and the little satisfaction I experience . . . has determined me to address", but Mr. Wilkins alters this to "have determined me to address". In one short letter we note at the first glance no less than fourteen emendations. Elsewhere Mr. Wilkins actually has the presumption to correct the Duke of Wellington. If such be the case with the documents which we are enabled to control, what confidence can we have in the accuracy of others? In a letter written from France in 1834 we find an allusion to "the King and Queen (Louis XVIII. and Queen Amélie)", but whether the writer has slipped or whether Mr. Wilkins has

blundered it is impossible to know. Perhaps, however, this person's chief offence is his unctuous dogmatism and cheap melodrama. A transpontine effluvia emanates from every page. We can almost hear the pop of ginger-beer, the sucking of oranges and the crack of nuts as he declaims his windy periods or labours his troubled tropes. Very few excerpts will suffice, for he never gets out of his rut. "These things" (George's various dissipations) "did not make him unpopular; on the contrary, sad to relate, they rather added to his popularity." We can picture the sadness of Mr. Wilkins when engaged in the relation. "There had come to her" (Mrs. Fitzherbert) "that hunger that comes sooner or later to every man and woman, the desire to take happiness with both hands, and count the world well lost." "The caricaturists, those inevitable satirists on the follies of the day." "All successful men have enemies." "Mrs. Fitzherbert found herself left a widow for the second time at the age of twenty-five. Thus she was early made familiar with sorrow." "No Stuart Prince was ever more graceful than he" (George), "more generous, and one would fain hope more chivalrous." "The celebrated bathing-woman of Brighton, who superintended the marine ablutions of many beautiful ladies." "The price had been paid. What mattered it that its payment involved the sacrifice of a woman's honour?" "Towards evening, when the tide was ebbing and all the light had faded off the sea, 'God's finger touched her and she slept.'" Just so. In short the book is fustian from beginning to end, and is not at all below Mr. Wilkins' form.

THE CROSSING.

"The Lake." By George Moore. London: Heinemann. 1905. 6s.

MR. GEORGE MOORE is a rare example of the artist in letters who comes to a very late maturity. He has been writing books for a long while now—books of very different kinds and of varying degrees of merit; but through them all he has been steadily pursuing a certain course, some progress in which has been consistently maintained throughout his literary work. Some men, like Mr. Meredith, arrive at their literary maturity almost with their first book; others, like Zola and Mr. Moore, and in a less degree like Balzac, work slowly through a long apprenticeship of trials, experiments, and partial success, until they arrive late but certainly at their full maturity. Mr. George Moore's latest book seems to promise that in his case this moment is very close at hand. For perhaps the very reason that Mr. Moore has throughout his literary career singly and patiently followed the path of the earnest and conscientious artist, and has therefore in his search for the right key and the right harmony made many minor mistakes and dissonances, his work has received something less than justice, in England at any rate. He has always been a breaker of ground; years ago he was opposing himself to a front of stupid convention and prejudice against the freedom of fiction in England, of which the generation which immediately follows him is now reaping the benefit. For to anyone who looks at Mr. George Moore's work as a whole it is obvious that he is not by nature a writer at all. He has had to learn to write—a laborious and painful process; like one who should teach himself a foreign language, he has had to toil alone through the veil of darkness and silence that hangs between the world and such as he, who have a message for the world. And only in "The Lake" would we say that he has really learned to write—that is to say, to express himself both with beauty of form and perfect limpid clarity of phrase, which all true artists in letters strive to attain. That in itself is profoundly interesting, for it reveals a degree of patient and laborious zeal that is most valuable and heartening in these days of cheap facility; and it is a degree of zeal that can only have been inspired and maintained by the sure knowledge that he has always had something really worth saying and expressing.

"The Lake", it need hardly be said, is a story constructed rather on French than on English models; because the source and origin of this particular form is

French and not English or German. It is a dreamlike study of spiritual development, enclosed, as it were, within a study of natural physical environment, just as all the spiritual life of man is in some degree enclosed and cradled in the material, and as all moods of the mind have their semblance and reflection in the moods of the natural world. The priest who in this story lives by the shore of the lake, has, in a moment of religious zeal, driven from his parish a schoolmistress who has fallen into the deadliest sin that a woman can commit in Ireland; he finds when she has gone that her personality has stamped itself upon his heart irrevocably; and the story told is the story of the gradual development of his nature through love of her, and the learning of the lesson that if he is to find the true life that exists somewhere for each of us, he must strip himself of his priestly office and find his soul in the world of men. As he lives beside the lake through this spiritual experience that leads him up to the birth pangs of his new life, the shining water enters into and reflects his moods. It is a very subtle piece of work, this that Mr. Moore has done; very fine and elaborate, very delicate and profound. There is a largeness, a patient geniality in his record of the moods of Nature by the lake, of the sounds and movements of animals, of the priest's knowledge of and interest in them. Finally, by an extremely artificial but beautiful device—it is almost allegorical in form—it becomes inevitable that in order to leave his parish without scandal and hurt to the simple souls dwelling there, he should swim across the lake and allow it to be supposed that he is drowned. He therefore waits for the right evening; and in the moonlight of a warm September night he leaves his priestly clothes and his priestly office upon one shore of the lake and swims across it to the other, where he assumes the habit and destiny of a man. This crossing of the lake, of course, is at once the spirit and allegory of the book. It might very easily have been clumsily handled; indeed we cannot think of any English writer who could have handled it so gently and delicately, and on the whole so successfully, as Mr. Moore has handled it. One turns instinctively to the last sentence of any book that is written with care and knowledge of form and the use of words, for often the last sentence, the point of breaking off, is an indication of the exactness of the author's perfection in his craft. In this case the end of the book—the action of which is purposely condensed and accelerated—is a singularly beautiful and true one. We quote the sentence, for its admirable quality, strange as the cry of a lonely bird at night, cannot be adequately described. The priest after crossing the lake has taken the train to Cork and has embarked on a ship to America, where he is to begin his new life. Above the tumult of the waves he seems to see the lake shimmering in the sky. And then comes this sentence: "There is a lake in every man's heart", he said, clinging to a wet rope; he added, "and every man must ungird his loins for the crossing".

BENE NATUS.

"Sociological Papers." London: Macmillan. 1905.
10s. 6d

THE essays in this volume mark the proceedings of a new society. The very name has been a cause of stumbling to many who should certainly have known better, for sociology has been defined at London University as the comparative study of social institutions. This is enough for all practical purposes. Pope's view is all the thing to-day—the proper study of mankind must rank among the very latest of the sciences. There have indeed come countless travellers' tales, full of strange stories from the seven seas, but these alone are no more sociology than mounds of pitch-blende in themselves are radium. Weird rites, which may seem meaningless at first, and superstitions which amaze man's reason, must be traced far and wide through distant lands; facts must be sorted, classified and weighed; then, as comparative anatomy revealed the growth and evolution of the organs, so we may hope that the comparison of customs may throw light on the strange and hitherto inex-

pliable forces which all along have shaped societies. The essayists in this book have shown no lack of courage; led by so eminent a man as Mr. Francis Galton, they have approached the problem of Eugenics—the better breeding of the human race. That all our boys and girls might be well born—not niched and nurtured in a certain set, nor yet entitled to quaint coats of arms, but that they should at least be sound and sane—must be the wish of every thinking mind. Yet few suggestions stand so little chance of ever being practically carried out as that there should be man-mating on scientific principles.

The methods of reproduction which we find working in Nature cannot be said to favour the higher types. The oak during its centuries of existence does not develop as many acorns as a fungus does spores in a single night. Did all survive, the offspring of an aphid might, in a year, give rise to a quintillion, a number expressed in just thirty-one figures. Meanwhile, the lordly and sagacious elephant, whose brain, though quite small in proportion to its bulk, is yet about three times as large as man's, produces young through sixty years of life, with long or indeed decennial intervals. But it is not so much through an exuberant fecundity, as by the preservation of the individuals of a species, that it contrives to keep its place and spread. The stormy petrel lays but a single egg and yet is one of the most numerous of birds. Amongst mankind the process of selection is to be found in ceaseless operation. Also, the same broad rule again applies; the lower the class, the higher the birth-rate, but, very fortunately for the progress of the world, the higher the death-rate too. But man's position is withal unique, the other creatures just respond to their surroundings, while man, whom Professor Lankester has well termed Nature's rebel, contends against, and often modifies conditions, which would at first appear to be enforced upon him. For better or worse he makes a world within the world, impelled and ruled by artificial laws. Thus those who draw analogies from "Nature" and who contend that the survival of the fittest is a grim rule which must be left alone might recollect that though there is a struggle, it never takes place along "natural" lines.

We thwart "Nature" as far as we can, we check and divert its pressure, we overlap its limitations, we break through its discipline and we upset the balance everywhere. Now some may say again with Matthew Arnold,

"Man must begin, know this, where Nature ends.
Nature and man can never be fast friends.
Fool, if thou canst not pass her rest her slave."

Others may side with the despisers of civilisation, and try to show that "only man is vile." But he from the dawn of history having cast off from Nature and lost all his instincts, has no hope but reason. Whether we claim that we have been ascending through the ages, and must press forward up the path of progress; or hold that we strayed too near the tree of knowledge, and rashly ate its fever-laden fruit; we cannot rest upon the tide of time; in any case we have to save ourselves.

Nothing, then, can be urged against the regulation of the reproduction upon the plea of leaving it to "Nature", but there are other and tremendous obstacles. We may breed horses to race, and cows for milk-giving, and pigs entirely for bacon. Mr. Burbank may coax the cactus from its thorns, and grow strange hybrids never seen before, but man is first of all a spiritual being, and must remain so or he ceases to be human. We do not want the stud-farm form of marriage, we do not want mere mediocrists of muscle, nothing is moved by the common-place mind. And all along, the subtle spirit of power has come upon the feeble and deformed; genius and great affliction have gone hand in hand; often the stones which the Master Builder chooses are those which men would tread beneath their feet.

Still, while the supremacy of the spiritual union is upheld, much may be done to obtain better births. The begetting of children is a personal responsibility, their bringing up must be a national concern. Whatever the State may allow or condone in the morality of individual citizens, it will extend protection to the off-

spring, and though we could never tolerate the selection of couples, there may be some prohibitions with regard to parentage. The war we wage against insanitation and disease is doubtless yet little more than begun. Some day the causing or the spreading of infection will be regarded as a very grave offence, and every squalid rookery and slum will be assailed as threatening the commonwealth.

In practice then, the science of eugenics will be concerned rather with the wise up-bringing of babies than with their being bred upon any set system. But while not trespassing upon the rights and liberties of individuals, the State should see to it that the defenceless children shall never more be "damned into the world".

THE OLD ROMAN RITE.

"Ordo Romanus Primus." Edited by E. G. Cuthbert F. Atchley. London: The De la More Press. 1905. 7s. 6d. net.

THE "Library of Liturgiology and Ecclesiology", of which this is volume vi., is intended "for English readers", and Mr. Atchley accordingly is not offering to students the results of original research, but a compilation from liturgical writers likely to be useful to intelligent and interested Church people. "Ordo Romanus I." is an eighth-century directory of the ceremonies of the Lord's Supper as solemnly celebrated in public by the Pope himself or by his deputy, all the Roman clergy and people being present, or at least represented, and performing their several functions as, corporately, a royal priesthood. It is true that, though still bidden to pray, the faithful no longer took any active part in prayer during the mass itself, the orisons of the people being confined to responses to the Litany, the petitions of which were finally collected into one prayer (collecta) by the bishop. The Offertory, however, was still a real service of the people, the pontiff and archdeacon going with their clerks among the congregation to receive actual loaves of bread and flasks of wine from them. Of this the mediæval holy loaf presented for the Mysteries by each household in turn was a survival, and our present rubric requiring the bread and wine for the Eucharist to be provided by the curate and churchwardens at the charges of the parish is a reminiscence. The excommunicate were not allowed to offer.

There are other signs in the Roman Order of the entire body of the faithful being recognised as offering the Holy Sacrifice, and a principal object of our own Reformation was to restore to the people their corporate part in the service. It is a misapprehension, however, to infer that the priest was therefore regarded in early times as the congregation's mouthpiece or delegate. He was their organ and representative, but only as vice Christi fungens, the Church's Head being her sole organ and representative before the Father. Organisms cannot create or evolve organs: the organ is "given" to the body. The sacerdotium therefore, as being Christ's own priesthood, is from above not from below. Ordo Romanus also preserves the custom on solemn days of concelebration, the whole college of presbyters standing round the sacrificing of the elements, and (as under-shepherds around Christ) "consenting to his sacrifice". Apparently Zephyrinus introduced, early in the third century, the custom of each presbyter consecrating a portion of the oblation held before him by one of the deacons on a glass paten, simultaneously with the Pope. The peculiar share of the deacons in the royal priesthood was the preparation and presentation of the offering. The oneness of the Church and the essential unity of all Eucharists were further exhibited in the ceremonies of the Sancta and the Fermentum. In the former the pontiff drops into the chalice a fragment of a host reserved from a previous celebration. In the latter, when unable to celebrate solemn mass personally, he sent a portion consecrated elsewhere to the church where the station was being held. The Sancta expressed unity in time, the Fermentum unity in space. A set of rich stational vessels was also sent round from parish to parish. The curious custom by which during Agnus Dei three

notaries went up to the pontiff and took down the names of those who were to break fast with him or his vicar is perhaps, we would suggest, a relic of the Agape. The laity in the eighth century received in both kinds, but the wine in bowls from which they drank by means of metal tubes contained only a small admixture of the consecrated Species. Some of these scyphi, made of gold or silver, weighed as much as 50 lbs. Against accidents there were no fixed cautela, nor even any express direction for the ablutions, reverential precautions being customary rather than prescribed. Incense was only used liturgically during the Roman rite at the Pope's procession to the altar and the deacon's procession to the Gospel ambo. There was no sermon, nor was the creed recited during mass till the eleventh century, owing to a lingering instinct for reserve. S. Gregory tells a story of some nuns who had died under excommunication for the sin of slander. When the Liturgy was being celebrated in the church where they lay buried, at the deacon's proclamation for penitents to depart, the foster-mother of these young women, who was accustomed to "offer" for them, used to see them come out of their graves and depart with the rest. Such was the disciplina arcani.

English Church people will be glad to have in a scholarly but not too difficult form an illustrated description of the highest Christian rite as it was performed more or less throughout the West in the early days of the Church of England. There is, perhaps, a little repetition, and on p. 175 the shocking form "gavedst" disfigures a handsome volume. Mr. Atchley is fond of good old English words like "collet" for acolyte. We do not know then why he always translates "oblata" by loaf instead of obley, or why he distinguishes sacristan and sexton.

NOVELS.

"Captains All." By W. W. Jacobs. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1905. 3s. 6d.

What would the intelligent foreigner say if, desirous to keep in touch with the patriotic literature of England, he ordered Mr. Newbolt's "Admirals All" and Mr. Jacobs' "Captains All" from his bookseller? The latter work is in the author's familiar manner, on which over-exercise is beginning to tell. He can still, however, make the wooings and escapades of his sailors on shore fairly amusing. His fertility in invention is exceptional, but the end of most of the short stories in this book can be easily foreseen. Mr. Jacobs, in fact, is in danger of finding himself committed to a formula. He is not quite so happy in the humours of a village as in the neighbourhood of the docks, but two of the sketches in this volume are excellent comedy, one treating of a converted burglar, the other describing the confounding of a stingy and treacherous sailor-man by a girl's wit. The book is merely a collection of magazine stories, and their cumulative effect is a little disappointing.

"Saints in Society." By Mrs. Baillie-Saunders. London: Unwin. 1905. 6s.

We cannot help speculating as to the extent of Mrs. Baillie-Saunders' knowledge of "Saints", or of anyone else "in Society", when we note her confusion of mind about titles—of her knowledge of life in humbler spheres there is far more evidence. Her work is an odd mixture of cleverness and absurdity, of improbability and realism, of knowledge and ignorance. She writes in a crude, amateurish way, and, at times, with a wild disregard of the exact meaning of words. But she succeeds very often in giving a most vivid impression of a scene or a character, and certainly shows much shrewdness in observation. Her sense of construction is faulty: the development of Mark and of his Cockney wife proceeds on too divergent lines. His moral deterioration, and her spiritual and physical improvement are hardly prepared for in the earlier part of the story, and the description of a great political career is a task too weighty for the author's essentially feminine talent.

"White Fire." By John Oxenham. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1905. 6s.

A missionary with a rich wife who places ten thousand a year at his disposal has a considerable advantage over, say a sixteenth-century Jesuit Father, or an emissary from the Rue du Bac; and the Long Tom with which he constantly impresses the South Sea Islanders and fights Peruvian raiders is no bad modern substitute for the miracles of earlier days. Mr. Blair is a thoroughly up-to-date, practical, muscular missionary; but what his chances of success would have been without his wife's banking account we should hesitate to say, though in Mr. Oxenham's estimation he is a very perfect hero. There is plenty of sensation in "White Fire" in the way of cannibalism, and fights, and a typhoon, described in the author's usual energetic, highly coloured style; and it will probably appeal with the same success as his former efforts to the not too critical reader.

"The Love Child." By J. B. Clegg. London: Lane. 1905. 6s.

Except for its irritating, aggressive, "we are as good as anyone else, and rather better", colonial manner, "The Love Child" is a commendable and unusually interesting piece of work. It is earnest and intelligent, and written carefully though over-elaborately. There are some unfortunate attempts at wit and fine-talking in the "Society" portions of the book, but the descriptions of scenery, of bush life and character, are exhilarating and vigorous. It is the strength of the central motive of the story which makes it remarkable. Mr. Clegg deals with the elementary passions of a woman's nature, her sin and its tragic consequences, in a sane, grave, and convincing way. The story, too diffuse at first in its varied interests, is developed firmly and logically in its close, with a marked increase of power and dexterity in the handling.

"Barbara Rebell." By Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes. London: Heinemann. 1905. 6s.

"History repeats itself." Around this truism Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes weaves her romance and carries it almost to the bitter end. The elder Barbara marries an adventurer who soon disappears and a cloud rests on her later life through her love for Lord Bosworth. Then her godchild and namesake comes to England leaving her husband after six unhappy years of married life. The younger Barbara is represented as having a sweet and delightful disposition and it seems almost incredible that she should have cared for one so utterly unworthy as James Berwick. The story is well written and the characterisation is distinctly good.

"Fortune's Cap." By Mary E. Mann. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1905. 6s.

"Fortune's Cap" is a pretty little well-written story, which may be read in an hour, of a twenny-maid whose good-nature and willingness make her the inheritor of an unwelcome and unexpected fortune—to the detriment of a somewhat selfish hero, whom she eventually marries in approved romantic fashion. She is a fairly amusing example of a well-known type, but is quite conventionally drawn both in her early vulgarity and later astonishing refinement, and bears, in fact, a strong resemblance to the "Mary Ann" of Zangwill fame.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"A History of Our Own Times, from the Diamond Jubilee 1897 to the Accession of Edward VII." By Justin McCarthy. In 2 vols. London: Chatto and Windus. 1905. 24s.

It is very difficult to know how to deal with these two volumes. To call them history is obviously a travesty of the term. Even if Mr. McCarthy had any of the historian's equipment, the period is so recent as to preclude the possibility of historical treatment, which involves the judgment as well as the narration of events. Mr. Justin McCarthy has none of the qualifications for writing history, neither the inside information, nor the patient research, nor the commanding style. Besides, how can one sit in judgment on one's contemporaries? Mr. McCarthy, feeling this, praises everybody in a feeble, colourless fashion. But these volumes, if not history, might be a

great work of reference, the material out of which the historian of the future might hew his image. We are sorry that we cannot say that it is even a good book of reference, for Mr. McCarthy is not methodical enough, nor detailed enough, nor accurate enough to make himself an authority on facts. The English is slovenly, and we came across such a sentence as "a debate however which did little to effect (sic) the opinions of any", &c. This so-called history seems to us to be a collection of "descriptive articles" and obituary notices of celebrities, cut out of some newspaper or newspapers, sewn together and bound in two volumes. Newspaper articles bore us sufficiently when they are fresh: but when they are stale we have no stomach for them.

"Two Years in the Antarctic." By Albert B. Armitage, Lieut. London: Arnold. 1905.

Lieut. Armitage was second in command of the National Antarctic expedition on board the "Discovery" and he has written a brief and straightforward narrative of the two years spent in the southern ice. In many cases the story of another member of an expedition shows a considerable divergence from the official narrative of the leader; but in the case of the "Discovery" the whole ship's company pulled together so well that the story of the second in command reveals nothing discordant. Mr. Armitage supplies some points of detail which supplement Captain Scott's narrative and his book will be welcomed by many who cannot afford the larger work. From the previous experience of the author in the Arctic regions he is able to make useful comparisons of the two frigid zones. We note the interesting suggestion that Siberian ponies might be found more serviceable than dogs for pulling sledges on the level surface of the barrier and in the last extremity they would supply the sledge party with more palatable food than dogs yield. Dr. Wilson has contributed a number of very graceful pen-and-ink drawings which enhance the interest of the book. Dr. Nansen has written a stirring preface in which he expresses the hope that Mr. Armitage's narrative "may inspire many a young man to noble deeds whether the battle be fought in the bustle of great cities or in the silence of those icy regions where men toil on at the drag-ropes of a heavy sledge for the advancement of human knowledge".

"The Siege of Port Arthur: Records of an Eye-witness." By David H. James. London: Unwin. 1905. 10s. net.

Mr. David James is able to write of the events which led up to the Russo-Japanese war and of the chief chapter in the struggle not as a correspondent sent out for the purpose but as an observer of the Japanese doings for years past. He witnessed the preparations of the Government and people to wipe out "the humiliating indignity" inflicted upon them in 1895, and "the dramatic and human side of the siege of Port Arthur" appeals to him "in all its unmasked intensity of purpose". He is however not a blind hero-worshipper. Much as he admires the Japanese, he does not endorse the conclusion of certain writers that there were no blunders on the Japanese side. That is not borne out by the facts. Even the Japanese with all their care and preparation were at times guilty of under-estimation based on lack of knowledge of the strength of positions to be attacked, whilst their efforts to supply the deficiency were crude and wasteful of life and treasure. As a war-book this is one of the best so far published.

"The Creevey Papers" (Murray, 10s. 6d.) now appear in a single volume. It has proved one of the most successful books of political and social gossip published within the memory of living people, and takes rank now as a classic of its kind. Greville alone perhaps surpasses Creevey in this line—though Greville of course is of far more importance for the purposes of serious political history. A curious fact about the Creevey collection is the extraordinary number of nicknames—there are between sixty and seventy in the book.—We do not despair of Mr. Andrew Lang yet coming out weekly, even bi-weekly, with a new book. At the moment "The Clyde Mystery" (MacLehose, 4s. 6d. net) seems to be his latest, but we should not care to bet it is his latest by the time this appears in print. It is a work on forgeries and folklore, and shows Mr. Lang as a student in several languages of these subjects. He discusses the question of whether or not certain prehistoric relics now in the National Museum are forgeries.—Mr. W. H. Long has edited Lieutenant Parsons' "Nelsonian Reminiscences" (Gibbings), a book published about sixty years ago, which has for a long time been out of public notice. Parsons served for a time as signal-midshipman of the "Foudroyant" under Nelson. His experiences were lively, if not especially important, and the book is worth glancing through at the present time. Parsons considered that, after Lady Hamilton, Tom Allen, the seaman, possessed the greatest influence with Nelson. There is an entertaining account of him in the book. He was a mixture we are told of "honest hardihood, untutored simplicity, pardonable vanity and nautical prejudice; a fine example of the British tar, who acknowledges but three principles of action—love for his country, hatred for his enemies, and veneration for his captain".

(Continued on page 728.)

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"Flood, Fell and Forest." By Sir Henry Pottinger. London: Arnold. 25s. net.

Sir Henry Pottinger has perhaps had more experience of sport in Norway than any Englishman living—certainly, we should say, than any Englishman who has written on the subject; and with the exception of Bromley-Davenport we know of no angler in Norwegian waters who has described his sport with such keenness and spirit as he does. For many years past his occasional articles in the magazines on sport in Norway and at home pleased many readers. In this volume reappear a good many of these articles together with new matter. Sir Henry Pottinger cares greatly for Norway, apart from its sport. The scenery of fjord and fjeld makes a strong appeal to him, and he brings an impetuous enthusiasm to its praise. We like the temper of the book, and a good part of its contents; but think it might, with distinct advantage from a literary point of view, have been compressed into one volume of moderate length. As it is, Sir Henry Pottinger includes much unimportant and unilluminative detail.

A new illustrated edition of Mr. Gosse's "Modern English Literature" (Heinemann) has just been published. Mr. Gosse in a preface to this edition touches on the very interesting and obscure question of why the character of the brain and its efforts in a "certain consistent direction" should modify the features. "The typical appearance of Shelley and of Burke, of Coleridge and of Pope is too closely parallel to what we know of the temperament of those writers to be accidental." But, on the other hand, plenty of cases might be mentioned when the working of the intellect seems in no way to stamp itself on the features or affect what Mr. Gosse calls the "outer envelope of the body".—"The Homes of Tennyson" (Black) "painted by Helen Allingham and described by Arthur Paterson" is one of the popular "colour books". Mrs. Allingham's work is uniformly successful where restricted to the cottages and cottage gardens and the small happy landscapes. She does not however convey in her pretty pictures anything of the mystery in English scenery. The letterpress is agreeable.

For this Week's Books see page 730.

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(Continued on page 732.)

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This Prize, one of the Five Nobel Prizes, is annually awarded by the Swedish Academy (Svenska Akademien) in Stockholm to the person who, during the year immediately preceding, shall have produced in the field of Literature the most distinguished work of an idealistic tendency.

The statutes of the Nobel Foundation, which is based upon the last Will of Dr. Alfred Bernhard Nobel, contain the following stipulations about the Prize Competition in general.

§ 2. The term "Literature," used in the Will, shall be understood to embrace not only works falling under the category of Poetic Literature, but also other writings which may claim to possess literary value by reason of their form or their mode of exposition.

The proviso in the Will to the effect that for the Prize Competition only such works or inventions shall be eligible as have appeared "during the preceding year" is to be so understood that a work or an invention for which a reward under the terms of the Will is contemplated shall set forth the most modern results of work being done in that of the departments, as defined in the Will, to which it belongs. Works or inventions of older standing to be taken into consideration only in case their importance have not previously been demonstrated.

§ 3. Every written work, to qualify for a Prize, shall have appeared in print.

§ 4. The amount allotted to one Prize may be divided equally between two works submitted, should each of such works be deemed to merit a Prize.

§ 7. It is essential that every Candidate for a Prize under the terms of the Will be proposed as such in writing by some duly qualified person. A direct application for a Prize will not be taken into consideration.

§ 8. The grounds upon which the proposal of any Candidate's name is made must be stated in writing and handed in along with such papers and other documents as may be therein referred to.

The special regulations concerning the Prize for Literature define in the following manner the conditions valid for proposing Candidates for the aforesaid Prize:

The right of proposing Competitors for the Prize belongs to Members of the Swedish Academy; Members of the French and Spanish Academies which are similar in aim and organization to the Swedish Academy; Members in the Literary Classes of other Academies; Members of such Literary Institutions and Societies that are analogous to Academies; as also persons teaching Aesthetics, Literature, or History at Universities.

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WORKING EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

On a basis of 8,475 Tons Milled.

	Cost.	Cost per Ton.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Mining	6,229 7 9	0 24 8'407
Development Redemption	847 10 0	0 2 0'000
Crushing and Sorting Expenses	413 5 9	0 0 11'704
Milling	946 18 6	0 2 3'815
Cyaniding Sands	908 4 0	0 2 1'719
Slimes	669 13 2	0 1 6'709
Sundry Head Office Expenses	265 11 7	0 0 7'321
Profit	10,771 10 9	1 4 2'375
	7,812 11 4	0 28 5'241
	£18,084 2 1	£2 3 8'116
By Gold Account—		
Mill Gold	10,517 2 1	1 4 9'828
Cyanide Gold	7,967 1 0	0 17 10'288
	£18,084 2 1	£2 3 8'116

NOTE.—The 10 per cent. Tax on Profits which is payable to the Government of the Transvaal has not been allowed for in the above figures.

LANGLAAGTE DEEP, LTD.**FROM THE REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS.**

The following is a summary of the Company's Receipts and Expenditure from its inception to date:—

RECEIPTS.				£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Working Capital—									
300,000 £1 Shares sold realised				687,500	0	0			
Gold Recovered				1,135,652	13	4			
Balance—Liabilities as per Balance Sheet after deducting Cash and Cash Assets ..				1,043	13	6			
							2,825,196	6	10
EXPENDITURE.									
By Capital Expenditure as per Balance Sheet, including £2,491 12s. 6d. spent on Claim Property Account				701,627	4	4			
Working Expenditure, Mining, Milling, Cyaniding, &c... £858,617 11 7									
Interest from commencement of Milling operations to date 91,922 10 5									
				950,540	2	0			
Net Expenditure and Losses during War Period				152,112	15	1			
Government Taxes on Profits				14,541	0	7			
French Fiscal Taxes				2,564	18	10			
Expenditure on Shares				3,510	6	0			
							£2,825,196	6	10

BALANCE SHEET, 31st JULY, 1905.

Dr.	£	s. d.	£	s. d.	£	s. d.
To Capital Account—						
300,000 Shares of £1 each					800,000	0 0
Share Premium Account—						
As per Balance Sheet, 31st July, 1904 ..	400,000	0 0				
Premiums received on 30,000 Shares issued during June, 1905 ..	87,500	0 0				
			487,500	0 0		
Funds transferred from Appropriation Account—						
For Capital Expenditure provided out of Profits to date	13,083	10 10				
For Expenditure on shares—vide Contra ..	3,510	6 0				
			16,593	16 10		
					504,093	16 10
Rand Mines, Limited—						
Advances			9,933	10 5		
Sundry Creditors—						
An Account of Wages, Stores, &c.	21,391	18 4				
For amount due to Government for Tax on Profits	6,915	11 2				
			28,307	9 6		
					38,240	19 11

NOTE.—There are further Liabilities on account of Shares subscribed for in other Companies, as under, viz.:—

subscribed for in other Companies, as under, viz. :-		£	s.	d.
Chamber of Mines Labour Importation Agency, Ltd.—				
£2 2s. per Share uncalled on 2,475 Shares		5,197	10	0
Co-operative Exchange Yard, Ltd.—				
£64 per Share uncalled on 31 Shares ..		1,984	0	0
Rand Mutual Assurance Co., Ltd.—				
£6 per Share uncalled on 229 Shares ..		2,061	0	0
Witwatersrand Native Labour Association, Ltd.—				
£2. per Share uncalled on 548 Shares ..		219	4	0
		<u>£9,461</u>	<u>14</u>	<u>0</u>
		£1,342,334	16	9

Cr.	£	s. d.	£	s. d.
By Claim Property—				
184,077 Claims bought for 600,000 Shares				
of £1 each	600,000	0 0		
Cash	2,491	12 6		
			602,491	12 6
Shares in other Companies—			3,510	6 0
Mine Development, at cost—				
No. I Shaft, Vertical	£55,420	6 2		
No. II Shaft, Vertical	41,199	0 11		
Development	228,066	18 0		
			324,686	5 1
Machinery and Plant, at cost			255,538	13 7
Buildings, at cost			112,491	14 7
Reservoirs, at cost			6,080	7 3
Tree Planting and Fencing, at cost			338	11 4
			699,135	11 10
Stores and Materials—	£	s. d.		
In Stock	19,246	1 4		
In Transit	399	5 6		
	19,645	6 10		
Live Stock and Vehicles	475	0 0		
Office Furniture	107	15 0		
Bearer Share Warrants	653	10 10		
			20,941	12 3
Deposits on Call, bearing Interest	274	5 5		
Cash at Bankers and in hand	1,209	11 11		
Gold Consignment Account	10,207	16 10		
			11,692	14 2
Sundry Debtors and Payments in advance			4,563	19 7

H. A. READ, Secretary.

L. REYERSBACH, Chairman.
A. REYERSBACH, Director.

We have examined the above Balance Sheet, Working Expenditure and Revenue Accounts and Appropriation Account with the Books, Accounts and Vouchers of the Company, and certify that, in our opinion, the Balance Sheet is full and fair, contains the particulars required by the Articles of Association of the Company, and is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the whole of the Company's affairs.

C. L. ANDERSSON & CO.,
J. N. WEBB, } Auditors.
Incorporated Accountants,

Johannesburg, 18th September, 1905.

SUPPLEMENTARY EXPENDITURE & REVENUE ACCOUNT
for the Period from Closing Down of the Mine in October 1899 to Re-commencement of Milling on 6th January, 1902.

Dr.						
To Credit Balance carried to Appropriation Account			£	s. d.		£ s. d. 1,105 4 11
NOTE.—Amount expended for the above period as per accounts dated 31st July, 1904 ..	153,218	0 0				
Less amount since recovered as above ..			1,105	4 11		
Net expenditure and Losses to Date for above period	152,112	15 1				
						£ 1,105 4 11
Cr.						
By Head Office Expenditure—			£	s. d.		£ s. d.
Interest			169	3 2		
Sundry General Expenses			921	0 0		
Net Amounts recovered since publication of last Accounts					1,090	3 2
Deficit in Cash Assets—						
Gold seized by Government of the late South African Republic—						
Amount recovered since publication of last Accounts					149	15 3 9
						£ 1,105 4 11

WORKING EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE ACCOUNT
for the Year ending 31st July, 1905.

Dr.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Mining Expenses—										
Mining	167,249	19	5						
Developing	16,834	14	6						
					184,144	13	11			
Milling Expenses				24,056	17	11			
Cyaniding Expenses				21,653	17	3			
General Expenses—Mine				12,165	2	7			
General Expenses—Head Office				6,761	16	8			
								248,782	8	4
Credit Balance on Working for the year carried down							87,300	16	0
									83	4 4
To Interest							£11,942	6	7
Credit Balance carried to Appropriation Account							75,158	9	5
									£87,300	16 0
Cr.										
By Gold Account							£336,083	4	4
									£336,083	4 4
By Balance brought down							£87,300	16	0
									£87,300	16 0

APPROPRIATION ACCOUNT.

Dr.	£	s. d.	£	s. d.	£	s. d.
To Balance as per Balance Sheet 31st July, 1904					52,604	17 4
Expended on Shares—						
Chamber of Mines Labour Importation Agency, Ltd.—						
For calls of 18s. per share on 2,737 Shares subscribed for ..	2,463	6 0				
Less Proceeds of 362 Shares sold at cost, viz., 18s. per share ..			235	16 0		
					2,227	10 0
Co-operative Exchange Yard, Ltd.—						
For call of £16 per Share and 31 Shares subscribed for ..			496	0 0		
Rand Mutual Assurance Co., Ltd.—						
For cost of 229 Shares of £10 each ..			458	0 0		
Witwatersrand Native Labour Association, Ltd.—						
For calls of 12s. per Share on 548 Shares subscribed for ..			328	16 0		
					3,510	6 0
Expended on Capital Account—						
Profits appropriated to date					13,083	10 10
Transvaal Government Taxes—						
Net amount of 10 per cent. Tax on Profits for the year ending 31st July, 1905					6,907	5 5
French Fiscal Taxes—						
For the year ending 31st July, 1905					357	14 9
					£76,463	14 4
Cr.	£	s. d.	£	s. d.	£	s. d.
By Balance of Supplementary Expenditure and Revenue Account—						
For the period from closing down of the Mine in October, 1899, to re-commencement of Milling on 6th January, 1902 ..					1,105	4 11
Balance of Working Expenditure and Revenue Account—						
For the year ending 31st July, 1905					75,358	9 5
					£76,463	14 4

H. A. READ, Secretary.

L. REYERSBACH, Chairman.
A. REYERSBACH, Director.
C. L. ANDERSSON & CO.,
J. N. WEBB, } Auditors.
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